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THE MODERNIST

A Monthly Magazine of Modern Arts and Letters

Edited by JAMES WALDO FAWCETT



By Helen T. Reinthaler

Contributions by:

George Bernard Shaw
John Haynes Holmes
J. Adams Emery
Sen Katayama
Louise Mallinckrodt Kueffner
Paul Eldridge
Joseph Upper

Donald B. Clark
Gorham B. Munson
A. Walkowitz
Georges Duhamel
Art Young
Francis S. Merlin
Betty Hall

Théodore Dreiser
Aaron Goodelman
Allen Upward
Hart Crane
Wilfred Wellock
Ralph Cheyney
and others

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The MODERNIST

A Monthly Magazine of Modern Arts and Letters

Edited by JAMES WALDO FAWCETT

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25 East 14th Street, New York City.

"More Light!"
Goethe's Farewell.



PLATFORM:

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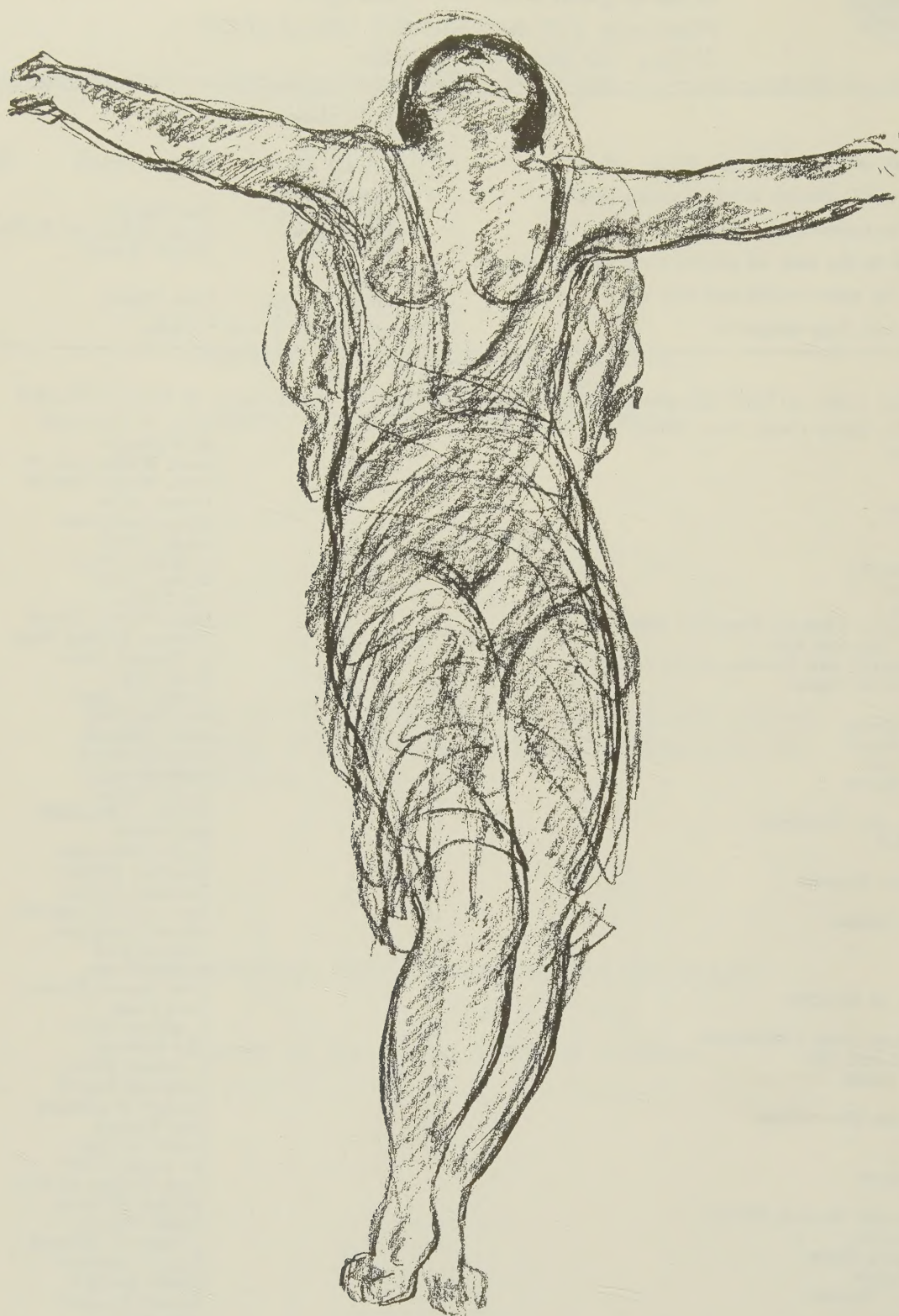
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ISADORA DUNCAN

By A. WALKOWITZ

FOREWORD

This is an era of War and Revolution, of struggle and revision, of contest and change. It is an era when the souls of men are being sorely tried, when many are hurt and discouraged, when many are weary and sad. It is the era of the greatest strife the world has ever seen; civil war has torn the earth throughout the whole progress of five long years. In the crucible of this awful conflict every tradition, every inherited standard, has been tested; many laws have been destroyed, many pretences have been abandoned.

As the definite result of the war two once powerful autocracies have fallen; Kaiser and Czar have been overthrown, two mighty empires have collapsed. In the sky of Russia a new star has appeared, a star progressing westward, watched now by the poor and downtrodden of every land with shining, eager eyes.

The new dawn of freedom is proclaimed; the people are marching on the strongholds of oppression. Soon the masses everywhere will be lifted up and made glad by the Great Victory. The old world is dying, but "a better world's in birth!"

In such a time men—mere individuals—are sadly overwrought. Struggle reflects struggle. Chaos reigns on every hand. The ~~very~~ atmosphere is electric with impending revolution,—revision and reconstruction in all the affairs of life. The past is dead. Only the present is reality. We dream of the future, but we may not see it yet as it will truly be. We may remember the days that are gone. But today—we may live! And even though we are caught in a tidal wave of change we are glad to live!

Our duty, the obligation of the present hour, is the work of preparing for what is to be. The handwriting is plain upon the wall of destiny. "The future belongs to the people!" Lest our children curse our names let us build with thoughtful vision. Our responsibility is ~~very~~ grave. We are laying the corner stone of a new civilization, and on our present deeds the City of Comrades must be established.

No one to whom these words may come will be wholly exempt from at least a little share of the work we have to do. No one will want to stand aside in such a time. Never before has Man had such an opportunity to serve his fellows and his sons.

Man's dream is coming true. Out of the tumult and disharmony emerges the new world.

As we love beauty and truth, as we wish for freedom and happiness, so must we labor. Only the best in word or deed is needed; only the finest can be used.

All the good in the world is held in the soul of Man, all aspiration, all hope, all justice. Discovery and organization lie before us, invite, command us to advance.

THE MODERNIST will strive to be an expression of our own time and our own work. The interpretation of the ideals and events in which we ourselves have part, the service of humanity to the limit of our ability, is the burden of our task.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.



EDITORIALS

Some months ago Mayor John F. Hylan, chief executive of the City of New York, startled and angered radicals everywhere by a communication to his chief of police, calling on that dignitary to suppress all public meetings conducted in any but the American language. In this perfectly righteous wrath we took our proper share. But, on second thought, we cannot bring ourselves to the same high pitch of fury. It now occurs to us that the mayor's commandment may be more useful to the radicals against whom it was addressed than the System ever dreamed. By all means let us have anything—even an autocratic performance of this type—that will serve to unify the thought and expression of the people.

Radicals who have tried to organize Italians, Poles or Hungarians know from experience how difficult it is to reach these workers. The barrier of language is a high and mighty one. Were it broken down, one of the greatest obstacles to internationalism would be removed. As a matter of fact, we know of no more difficult problem than that of the confusion of tongues. It would be foolish for us to overlook or deny this.

We realize that Mayor Hylan's "law" was aimed at the Jewish Socialists and the Russians. We are not deceived as to His Honor's motive. We do but seek to show that the enforcement of this obviously tyrannous ordinance may somehow serve our cause.

We have always held in respect those radicals who have given of their time and energy in the work of teaching "foreigners" English. Not that English is the language of the people of America, nor that English is more beautiful than any other tongue, but rather because, as can not be denied, it is the language with which we must fight for the new "New World."

The New York Tribune, that splendid example of brainless impudence and reaction, says editorially that "Germany is the one nation which escaped from the war unravaged." If this were true, if Germany were not mourning the loss of hundreds of thousands of her young men, if Germany were not starving, *The Tribune* would probably rejoice in secret. But it is not true; every nation paid in blood and treasure for the madness of the great conflict, every nation will continue to pay for years to come. That is one of the self-evident truths about war; not even the victor escapes punishment. Poor Richard is quite right when he says that there never was a good war. Would that we might agree with him when he says that there never was a bad peace! Since Versailles we know something new about peace; we know that the ruling classes and the politicians will never permit a good peace—so long as they have anything to say about it.

Speaking before an international conference of women doctors meeting in New York last week, Mrs. Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale said some exceedingly sensible things about feminine fashions. "We have become," she declared, "the victims of the business men who manufacture and want to sell clothing. Every three or four months these manufacturers advocate some novelty in dress, not to please us but to make money for themselves." In other words, the hobble skirt, the familiar blue cape, the silly footwear commonly seen in city

streets, all have their economic purpose and excuse; one factory or another is back of every violent change in costume art. Of course, the women are victims, and the men who pay the bills; we are all victims, victims of countless schemes and tricks for exploitation and theft. Do you know that certain shoe factories have been trying for years to discover a style of French heel that will "run over" on the briefest possible wear? And, what is more, they have succeeded; the little shop girl or clerk who affects high heels is being tricked outrageously; a tiny shaving off here and there gives the heel a start, concrete pavements do the rest, the manufacturer sells other pairs of shoes, makes his profit, and goes on experimenting.

In the crowded slums of New York a new form of guerrilla warfare has been in progress for the past six months. The people are in revolt against the tyranny of the landlords, and rent strikes are more common than savings banks. The owner of some great, overflowing tenement suddenly increases his demands. The tenants decline to pay, pleading inability and proving their case by a reference to current conditions in the labor market. The owner appeals to the court, and the magistrate orders the strikers evicted, and provides the machinery for putting his decision into effect. A day or two later the neighborhood is startled by the arrival of city marshals and deputies. The household goods of the tenants concerned are removed to the street, and the strikers are homeless. New families come to lease the apartments thus made vacant. Backed by his property rights in the written law of the land the landlord is secure; the law connives with him in exploiting the public.

In Russia the remedy for conditions of this sort was found in the answer to the cry: "Land for the peasants." In America we may yet have a solution for the not less complex problem in a revolutionary demand for: "Homes for the workers."

In any event the solution must come. Obviously it cannot and will not come from the landlords or from the courts. It is in the hands of the people. Possession, according to need, is the true principle. "Land for the landless!"

When John Mitchell, one time leader of the United Mine Workers of America and chairman of the New York State Industrial Commission, died, September 9th, he left an estate consisting of "stocks, bonds and cash" in amount of a quarter million dollars. *The New York Tribune* says "his holdings were largely in coal, railroad and industrial companies." We do not wish to speak unkindly of a man from whom no reply can be expected, but it seems to us that a quarter million dollars is a considerable fortune—for a labor leader to leave. We know nothing of Mr. Mitchell's career that prompts us to believe that he did not acquire this money in what may be called "legitimate" ways; but we wonder how long American labor will continue to put its trust in leaders who have money invested in "industrial companies" and affiliated interests. Is it possible that Mr. Mitchell was absolutely free from a capitalistic bias grave enough to make him unfit to fight efficiently the battles of the mine workers, in whose cause he was supposed to be enlisted? The question is: Can a man be a true friend of labor and a petty capitalist at one and the same time?

There is no problem more grave, more crowded with dreadful potentialities, than that of the attitude of the white American citizen toward the black. The race riots at Omaha were terrible events; they show that race feeling is not confined to the South; that, on the contrary, the whole North, East and West is aflame with this dreadful passion. Washington, Chicago, and Camden, N. J., can not call names at Montgomery, Atlanta, and Waco, Texas. No day goes by without its shameful quota of lynchings. No newspaper appears without its recital of riots and killings. We are face to face with the possibility of race war. Are we not big enough, noble enough, to face this issue and work out its solution? God help us if we fail. Time flies; to-morrow may be too late.

One day, not long ago, Karl Bitter, the sculptor, was walking down Fifth Avenue, in the vicinity of Plaza Square. He attempted to cross a side street, was run down by a speeding motor car and left in the gutter. He never regained consciousness. More recently, Theodore Dreiser, America's first novelist, was crossing Columbus Circle; he, too, was run down by a motor and left on the pavement. Fortunately, Mr. Dreiser recovered.

These two cases illustrate a fact of which we as a people should be ashamed. We should feel small and miserable for allowing one man or one group of men to so dominate and control the public highways, built by the bleeding hands of the working class, that it is possible for a bloated idiot in an automobile to injure a person, infinitely more worthy of respect, not selfish enough to wish to operate a motor of his own. A man like Bitter is a man worth keeping; to murder him in cold blood is a common crime, and it should be punished appropriately. The same thing is true of Dreiser; possibly the man who ran him down was a greedy profiteer! Think of it, the disgusting impudence of the motor-driving upper classes! They will have none but themselves to blame if an indignant mob employs a lamp-post as a gallows some fine day.

The fact is that the roads belong to the people who built and paid for them. The motorist has no special rights at all, save those granted by the benevolent and misplaced sufferance of the public. The laws are too loosely written or too shamelessly ignored; the marauding automobile fiend must be restrained. He should be barred from some streets absolutely, the more crowded thoroughfares. In New York, no motors should be permitted on Fifth Avenue or Broadway, nor in busy side streets. Some streets, at least, should be free from the offensive arrogance of the privileged idle who are too lazy to walk.

Jacob Gould Schurman, president of Cornell University, tells us that "the United States pays its ditch-diggers more than its college instructors, and its mechanics and trainmen more than its professors." Of course, strictly speaking, the United States as such pays its college instructors absolutely nothing; but we will

overlook the error of Dr. Schurman's phrasing. The point is that college teachers will never deserve the sympathy of the people or merit any better wages than those they now receive until they become conscious of the fact that it is a system of economics that is responsible for their financial troubles, a system which they are doing their best to support and perpetuate, a system outgrown more than a generation ago, a system under which their labor is seemingly less important, from a social point of view, than that of the diggers of ditches with whom Dr. Schurman brackets them.

The report of the death of Leonid Andreeff may be unreliable, like all the other "news" received from Russia via London and Paris. But if by chance it is true there will be much regret in America at the passing of this great dramatist; the fact that the enemies of Russia had used him for their own purposes and prostituted his pen to the service of new czarism and reaction lends even a sadder color to this cabled statement. If Andreeff is dead, he died too soon to know the truth, to know that Russia is leading the way toward a new dawn of human happiness. We are told that in the past decade Andreeff became a millionaire; that accident might account for the unfortunate position he assumed last year. In any case, the author of *Anathema* and *King Hunger* may not be forgotten; his art was great, he saw the truth and mirrored and interpreted it; if his critical powers failed him in the twilight of his life, we cannot be more harsh in judging him than we were in judging the dying Ibsen or the old Kropotkin.

The New York Evening Sun has a fit and proper spasm over the news that thousands of Greeks, Italians, Czechs, Slovaks, and Portuguese laborers who came to America "to do war work" are now returning home as rapidly as possible, and taking their savings with them. *The Sun* calls these departing guests "birds of passage," and suggests that the Federal Government should start a propaganda to persuade them to remain in the land of the "free." The American workingman, never represented in *The Sun*, will be almost glad to see the "foreigners" depart: there will be more work for those who remain, for those who make their homes in this country and are therefore to be expected to be more concerned about the country's welfare; it is almost hopeless to try to organize transients—they come to America to make money and want to leave as soon as possible; they are not so vitally concerned with out native problems as we are or ought to be. On the other hand, these returning prodigals, once again in their native lands, surrounded by injustices and oppressions practiced on those nearer and dearer to them than we, their new friends, could ever hope to be, may come to feel the crushing burden of things-as-they-are, and rebel against it as we would have them rebel. Let the American labor leader, the American socialist, say to their fellow organizers in other countries: "We could not give these men our vision, for we speak neither the language of their native land, nor the language of their hearts. Take them, brothers, and make them dream your dreams, as they could never have dreamed ours."

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.



INSURGENT YOUTH

"Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive," sang Wordsworth of the period following the French Revolution, "but to be young was very heaven!" Again the world rolls forward into the sunlight of another dawn, guided by youthful minds and vision, and gathering momentum from the strength of youthful sinews. Youth is coming into its own. The revolutionary democracies of what we used to call the Old World are utilizing the progressive force of youthful ideals and aspirations; young men and women are filling positions of power and responsibility. In the past the world has been so ordered that, perforce, youth has been exploited by age; its development cramped, its ideals thwarted, its well-being and its very life needlessly sacrificed. But through the veins of these young pioneers courses the same warm blood spilled by an old men's system on the soil of Europe, now supplying, as if by some divine scheme of compensation, the fire and energy for the peacetime battle for a new world. Where age has miserably failed, youth is making good.

And in America youth is waking up. A new young people's movement has been gathering strength. It is known as The Young Democracy, and is an organization of progressive young people under forty years of age, united in service to the principles and practice of fundamental democracy.

In other countries, there have long existed powerful young people's movements which have exerted a wholesome influence on government and public opinion. The reason for starting such a movement in America is given by The Young Democracy as follows: "We believe that there can be today no more constructive force making for social progress than young people, aroused through organization, education, and self-expression to a consciousness of their responsibility to humanity and their power in common ideals and purposes. We believe there can be no better service to country and the world than to set free the idealism and the experimental daring of youth in creative action."

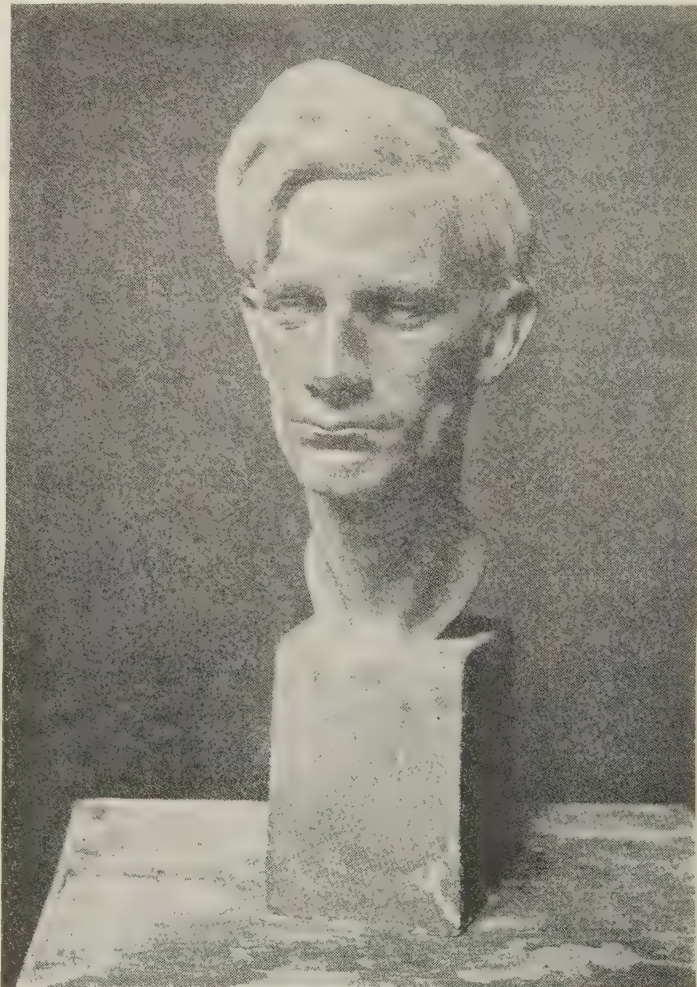
The organization has come out with a definite program. "What we want is a new future, not a patched-up hand-me-down from the past, but a future that will (1) by Industrial Democracy guarantee the young worker control of the system which now crushes him; (2) by Educational Democracy give teachers and students control over the institutions and processes of learning, that they may freely seek the truth; (3) by Political Democracy a real control over their government, that it may be accurately, immediately, and effectively responsive to their will; (4) by International Democracy unite the progressive young people of all races and countries." In order to work scientifically for these objects, departments have been established under expert directors to focus the efforts of the organization as a whole.

The Young Democracy maintains national headquarters at 51 Greenwich Avenue, New York City, and in addition is rapidly building up local units throughout the country. These units act as centers for the propagation of liberal ideas and the carrying on of local activities in line with the program democratically wrought out by the members of the national movement. Thus it is expected to have throughout the country in schools and colleges, cities and towns, clubs and factories, groups of wide-awake young people fighting against inertia, reaction, and greed.

From these units will spring the democratic impulses that are counted on to bring about steady progress toward the achievement of the movement's general purposes: "to awaken youth to a consciousness of its power and its responsibility to humanity; to fuse the ideals and the energies of the young into a co-operative unity to the end that they may have a voice in the construction of their own future and the determination of their own destiny; to educate its members

for constructive leadership; to provide articulate expression and practical application for the aspirations of youth toward fundamental democracy—industrial, educational, and political; and to establish bonds of international good will and fellowship between the young of all nations."

DEVERE ALLEN.



PORTRAIT STUDY
By AARON GOODELMAN

INDECISION

Your eyes are like a fire in the depths of a forest,
Which lures and frightens me.
There is a golden glint of mystery between the dark trees;
And I want to go nearer, and I want to run away.

If I run away, I shall be desolate;
And if I follow the golden summons
Into the heart of the burning darkness,
Shall I not perish in the conflagration?

JOSEPH UPPER.

The people cannot see, but they can feel.

JAMES HARRINGTON, 1660.

In the assurance of strength there is strength, and they are the weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or their powers.

FRANCIS BACON.

THE STAGE GERMANY

The statement that Germany is composed of individual Germans of about average human intelligence who spend their lives chiefly in the making of things like soap, and shirts, and sealing wax, would come with a distinct sense of shock to many well-meaning and respectable people. This sense of shock would be much akin to that engendered by the announcement that the tube workers had gone out on strike, or that the chauffeur had died during the night. All this does not indicate any peculiar degree of moral turpitude on their part. It merely means that by a very happy faculty they have succeeded in so simplifying the method of thought as to make it an almost painless process—a sort of procession of kinematic cartoons, through which flit the most curious and entertaining characters. Enter the voter, for example:—

Middle-aged, of medium height, rather broad of chest and round of belly, clad in a well-fitting business suit—drooping moustaches, turning grey, intelligent and not unkindly eyes—not a man of great means, but prosperous. He is presented with a ballot, examines it keenly but swiftly, and with an exalted air only to be interpreted as omniscient patriotic devotion, crosses it twice or thrice, and drops it in the ballot box. Exit voter.

By the same token these people have insisted on regarding the late war as a cosmic case of arson, rape, and murder, and the Versailles Conference as a kind of planetary criminal court where Germany, personified, foiled but unrepentant, is dragged handcuffed before the bar of human justice, charged, tried, convicted, and sentenced by the outraged moral sense of mankind.

It is a very attractive picture. For one thing, it piques the imagination in the way that common facts of everyday life always do when projected on the cosmic plane, and given a cosmic rôle to play. But besides this, it has other peculiar advantages. It attributes to Germany the singleness of will, the freedom to do or abstain from doing, and, consequently, the individual accountability of the common criminal who figures daily in the penny screamers. It extends private morals and civil law to international affairs, and so provides a familiar code for judgment where no recognized code but the right of the strong had previously existed. It invests the procedure of the trial with that equal-handed justice of whose continuous existence in their law courts Anglo Saxons have been so justly proud for centuries. By analogy with the civil sentences of death or life imprisonment imposed on those guilty simultaneously of arson, rape, and murder, it justifies in advance the penalty inflicted whatever its severity.

This attractive picture of crime and punishment has become a sort of "Simple Guide to International Thought for Citizens of all Allied Countries," and has been lavishly distributed from pulpit, parliament, and press. A factory worker or tired business man cannot be expected, of course, to visualize a nation of seventy million souls of varying taste, intelligence, wealth, and power, nor to comprehend the intricacies of a conference where twenty-five or thirty national ambitions engaged in a rough-and-tumble scramble for realization. So here we find provided an easy key by which such common facts of everyday experience as international problems are brought within the ken of the average voter, and the most intellectually inert may arrive speedily and painlessly at a foregone conclusion. It is this picture which has done more to vitiate Allied thought on the war than a thousand direct lies could have done.

The Germany who appeared, or rather, did not appear, at the cosmic court of Versailles was no unified person. The Allies themselves had first taught her to distinguish between herself and her despotic rulers. This distinction

was just. There is latent in every nation a dread and hatred of the foreigner, and but little encouragement is needed to make it a dynamic actuality. The war fever which sweeps a country after a declaration does not spring into being out of nothingness; it results simply from the release of forces long pent up. The Spanish-American War was fomented in the United States by a Press campaign of two weeks. Against concerted and long continued military propaganda human nature is powerless; reaction to stimulus is almost reflex unless powerful counter-stimuli exist. The Junkers and their satellites knew this fact, and exploited it as rulers and politicians have always done when it suited their purpose. The responsibility for German Militarism lay not with those in whom it had been kindled, but with those who had kindled it.

A considerable portion of Germany, however, was well provided with counter-stimuli. Socialism, in its various forms, was a growing power, and its adherents held an ineffectual majority in the Reichstag. It was to these men, with their anti-militarist doctrines, and the multitude whom they represented that civilization looked to prevent the long-threatened war. That they had no part in the declaration is generally admitted; the Junker conclaves which preceded it were held with such secrecy that only afterwards, when success seemed assured, the world learned of their existence through the triumphant babbling of the participants. The Socialist crime in the eyes of the world consists in not having taken effective action to bring the war to an end once it had been started.

The German Socialists were faced with a *fait accompli*. Already the German Army had violated Belgian neutrality. The French were mobilized and had crossed the Alsatian frontier; the cry, "On to Berlin! Revenge for 1870!" was on their lips. This time, they swore, they would never stop. The Russians were already sweeping through East Prussia. The Socialists protested, but their cries were lost in the general turmoil. They might have refused to vote war credits, but they knew full well that they would receive as short shrift from the twentieth century Junkers as their democratic predecessors had from Bismarck. Their only alternative to passive support of the war was revolution, and here even ultimate success was dubious. The most probable result would have been a long drawn out struggle of alternating failure and success involving disruption of the internal organization of the country, defection in the army, rapid and overwhelming victory for the Allies, and a triumphant France, lusty for revenge, in Berlin. Of the terms which would be meted out to a fallen Germany there could be no possible doubt; the fear and hatred earned by fifty years of Hohenzollern diplomacy by the Mailed Fist, the race of armaments, the struggle for commercial supremacy, all combined to remove all doubt on that score. The peace terms would be as crushing as the Allied victory was overwhelming.

Faced with this alternative of national ruin or support of an unjust war, the Majoritarian Socialists did what Briton, Frenchman, and American alike have done when the national existence was imperilled. They chose the lesser of two evils and supported the Government. In every nation there exists the doctrine, "My country, right or wrong!" It may conceal itself furtively in such terms as loyalty, patriotism, treason, and their derivatives, or may take subtle form in the declaration that the citizen having received certain benefits from society is morally bound to answer its call when it has need of him. But everywhere it exists. Be it said to the credit of the German Socialists, however, that a certain number of them, choosing national destruction rather than moral degradation, broke away from the Majoritarians and formed the Independent Socialist Party. There is no more outright lie than the oft-repeated statement

that the German Socialists supported the State so long as there was any prospect of plunder. The plain fact is that they supported the State so long as national ruin could by that means be averted, but when ruin became inevitable they rose and overthrew the Junker Government which had brought about the war.

Thus the Germany which was arraigned before the bar of human justice at Versailles was composed of four distinct elements of unequal culpability and varying potentiality for the future. First, a small but powerful minority directly responsible for the war, consisting of the overthrown Junkers and their satellites in the army, civil service, the universities and industry. Secondly, the Majoritarian Socialists under the leadership of Ebert and Scheideman, who, guiltless so far as the declaration was concerned, had risen and destroyed the Junker Government responsible for it. Thirdly, the Independent Socialists and Spartacists who were completely blameless of any part in the war. And, finally, that great mass of the unthinking who blindly support established institutions in any country. From earliest childhood they had been taught to regard these institutions as settled laws of nature. Patriotic fervor had made them a second religion, and woven them into the texture of their lives. Now, suddenly, by the revolution everything they had trusted and believed in was repudiated and swept away, and they were left spiritually homeless, bewildered, and clutching frantically for any point of support. Everywhere from the people went up the despairing cry, "There is no truth in Germany. Our Government in whom we trusted has deceived us. Our minds are filled with a mass of lies. This England, who you say is honorable, we have been taught to believe the incarnation of everything treacherous. This France, who you say did not desire the war, we have been made to think of as mad for revenge. Where, then, can we find the truth? In whom can we trust?" I have myself heard this same cry repeated over and over, and I know its bitterness.

Germany was in a state of spiritual suspension between the old and a faintly glimpsed new; sensitive, as she never had been before and never would be again, to every gesture, every breath of sentiment from without. The future Germany would be what the Allies made of her. Her reaction to the peace settlement was certain to be violent. It behooved the Allies to examine the instrument by which the settlement was to be effected.

In an ordinary criminal court the procedure has been carefully calculated to ensure the accused a fair trial; he is entitled to be present at the trial, to adduce evidence in his behalf, and to testify on his own defence; the verdict is given by a jury of twelve men chosen for their disinterestedness, and the sentence is imposed by a judge who in no way profits by its kind or size. Nor can society, by whom the court is maintained, be held to profit except indirectly from the penalty, for death or imprisonment is inflicted at an expense which would be avoided by non-infliction and the *pro rata* share of a fine in a nation of millions is too small to attract notice, much less to excite cupidity. Thus an attempt is made at the same time to ensure the doing of justice and the recognition on the part of the criminal that justice has been done. Even so, it has been discovered by social workers and sociologists that many a man returns to freedom after five or ten years' imprisonment with a mad hatred for that bloodless concept, Society, and a fierce desire for vengeance. In many cases his sentence has made him a greater menace to society than if no sentence had been imposed. It is this observation which has given to judges of all nations wide discretionary power as to the severity of punishment, and which has lain behind the experiments in prison reform in the United States. Nowhere

does abstract justice exist, except in a dreamed-of hereafter. The Society of this world is forced to combine justice with expediency in recognition of the importance of the psychological reaction produced in the criminal by the trial and sentence.

If the details of the cosmic court at Versailles had even been worked out with any great precision in the popular mind, the extraordinary fact would have been discovered that in this court the persons of the accuser, judge, and beneficiary from the sentence coincided, and that the defendant was neither present nor represented at the hearing. Let us say at once that such a constitution of the court was inevitable, and, though scarcely an arrangement which we would tolerate in our civil courts, it did not necessarily prevent that justice should be done. But let us also recognize that it vastly affected the psychological reaction of the accused.

A personified Germany who had never existed, and less than ever since the revolution, was charged with greed—greed for commercial primacy, greed for territory, greed for military domination. By decree of the court, where she sought new territory, her colonies are annexed by her accusers; where she hungered for new sources of raw material her accusers have wrenched old sources away; where she struggled with her accusers for commercial supremacy her industries are shackled by economic clauses; where she lusted for military domination she is to be dominated by the armed forces of the Allies. The correspondence is precise, and because of the composition of the court, the unavoidable conclusion in the real Germany is that the kind and amount of the penalty were dictated by the same motives of greed and lust for power which prompted her former rulers to their crime. From this belief springs that fierce hatred and mad desire for vengeance which will inevitably produce a new militarism and blaze out into new wars.

The Allies not only sat in judgment on a phantom, but failed even to temper their phantom justice to the defectiveness of their instrument.

The reaction of a nation is imponderable, but it translates itself disconcertingly into other things which can be weighed and measured. The reaction of an individual dies with him, but the reaction of a nation is passed on from generation to generation through centuries. The Germany of to-day whom the Allies denounce, and the Germany of to-morrow with whom they will have again to reckon, is their own creation. Scapa Flow is the logical answer to the Peace Treaty. History will record that whereas Germany lost the war through ignoring imponderables, the Allies lost the peace through failing to take these same imponderables into account.

Germany first prussianized the world, and the Allies then reprussianized Germany.

J. ADAMS EMERY.

FROM MT: WILSON

Below us, in the darkness, lay
The city with its full display
Of myriad lights, wan, yellow lights,
A vast array of dancing sprites.
They shimmered in the mystic night;
While we gazed, silent, from our height.

Above us on a camel cloud,
A waxen face from out a shroud.
Thus stared the moon. And naught did we
But drink the wine of ecstasy!

MAXIM LIEBER.



Horace Traubel as seen by his staunch good friend Art Young

Drawn for THE MODERNIST ©

HORACE TRAUBEL: A TRIBUTE

Personal Memories

I am indebted to William Sanger for a large measure of the happiness and inspiration I have derived from knowing and loving Horace Traubel.

In May, 1916, I was living in Patchin Place, a little side street or court near Sixth Avenue, where Jefferson Market Prison uprears its ugly head. To this apartment Sanger came on the evening of May 31st, 1916, saying: "I want you to meet Horace Traubel." And together we went to the Brevoort to attend my first Whitman Fellowship dinner.

I had read *Leaves of Grass*, and I thought I knew something about Whitman's life. But Horace Traubel was as yet only a name to me. I had never seen *The Conservator*, never read any of Traubel's writings. In brief, I was in a dreadfully appropriate condition of mind with regard to the man I was to meet. As we hurried along I inquired about the nature and purpose of the Whitman Fellowship.

"Well," my friend explained, "it's an organization. It meets once every year at the Brevoort Hotel, on May 31st, to celebrate Walt Whitman's birth. There are two sessions; one in the afternoon, with speeches and music and all that; the other in the evening. The evening session includes a banquet, more speeches, more music, and—I'll tell you about the rest later."

This much I had in the way of preparation, this much and no more. I had to flounder about as best I could. I did not want Sanger to know how ignorant I was.

When the evening was over I wondered why it was that I had never heard of Traubel before. The answer to that question did not come for a long time. One had to know Traubel before one could understand why he was not famous.

I had been in New York about a year when I first met Traubel. I had come as a stranger, and for many months after my arrival I was completely alone. Eventually, Graham Avery came on to join me, but even after his arrival we stood apart from most things that would have interested other people. We had a few acquaintances, not many, and very few friends. William Sanger we met in September or October, 1915. Had I plunged right into the radical movement in New York I should most certainly have discovered *The Conservator* at once. But I was ill when I came here, and I had to rest. In fact, I was fortunate to be alive.

I hardly know how to describe my first meeting with Horace Traubel. I can see it now in my mind's eye, but it is not easily reproduced. Imagine, if you will, a large, old-fashioned dining hall *a la* Savoy in a

comfortable late Victorian hotel of the Parker House type. A thick green carpet on the floor. Walls covered with framed black-and-white drawings, mostly bad imitations of Beardsley. From the high cream-colored ceiling several cut-glass chandeliers are hung. A French window facing the street is open; it is a warm spring evening. Near this window there is a little group of men and women laughing and talking. In the center of this gathering is a strange little man, dressed in sedate gray. He has a remarkable head, crowned with long, white hair in tumultuous disarray. There is also a bushy white mustache to match. His eyes are blue-gray and have a lively something about them that blue eyes seldom have. He stands sturdily on his left leg, its mate is placed a few inches forward and little or no weight is put upon it. He has his hands thrust deep into his jacket pockets. It is a characteristic attitude. This was Horace Traubel the man, a striking yet unpretentious figure. The moment I saw him, that first night, I knew that he was in a sense a man apart. But I knew, too, that he was by definite and conscious choice one of the great and struggling crowd. Both facts were true. Traubel was different from his fellows, and he was not different. Therein, I believe, lies part of the reason of his greatness.

As we approached, the little group divided for a moment to let us in. Another symbol. Any circle in which Traubel was at home was an elastic circle. There was always room for at least one more.

My friend introduced me. "This is Waldo Fawcett," he said. Traubel grasped my hand warmly. "I'm glad to know you," he said. "Any relation to Edgar Fawcett?" "Not that I know of," I replied, "though our people, both families, came long ago from the same part of England." "He was a good fellow, Edgar Fawcett," Traubel continued. "So I understand," I answered, "from those who knew him well."

We stood chatting together for half an hour or more. The waiters were arranging the tables. Some new arrivals joined us. Horace—few people called him Traubel—greeted everyone.

After a while the conversation brought up the name of Alfred Tennyson. And Horace told a story about how the poet had boasted of the fact that he had not had to pay for any of a great number of portraits painted of him. "They cost me nothing, think of that!" Tennyson had said. It seemed incredible that one artist should speak in such a way of the work of another artist. But it touched a trait in Tennyson's character that could not be denied. He was selfish, he was a snob. I had heard as much before.

Later Horace told me another equally cutting story about Tennyson. In this latter tale the poet is represented as a visitor in a poor journalist's house—an uninvited visitor at that. The wife has prepared as excellent a supper as she can afford. The meat is brought to the table in a covered dish of silver. Tennyson lifts the cover and inspects the contents. "Mutton!" he exclaims, "the curse and damnation of every English household!" And, in high fury and disgust, the Laureate departs.

When I asked Horace about the origin of these stories, he told me definitely whence they came. I have forgotten the details. I only know I never think of Tennyson without remembering the essential points. Suffice it that Traubel believed them authentic. Otherwise he would never have told them.

I speak of these stories now and at this length because as a matter of fact they are my first memories of Traubel.

Their importance lies in that they show how thoroughly Horace disliked snobbishness and selfishness.

When supper was served, I saw that Traubel sat at a small table near the door. He seemed to want to see who came and went. A little group sat down with him, and a very gay and happy party they were. I noticed that Traubel preferred listening to talking. I found this to be true in all gatherings. Traubel was a quiet man, a simple man. I think he disliked noise intensely. "Bad taste" had a special meaning for him. Ranters and shouters amused him, but he did not like them. I can remember him saying, "Just like skyrockets, Waldo. They go up with a flash, and they come down like so many sticks." The braggart and the chieftain were not very welcome in Traubel's company.

There were good things to eat at that banquet. There were good speeches, too. But I recall none of these details. All I can see, when I close my eyes and think, is Horace Traubel, a quiet, cheerful man, dressed in a worn gray suit and surrounded by a happy crowd of young people.

The meeting closed about midnight. But Sanger whispered to me, "Don't go now; it's just beginning." Prompted by this advice, I tarried, while scores of other guests departed. Almost everyone seemed to know Horace. They all came up to shake hands and say good night.

But I discovered that there was a special group, a group much closer to Horace than the others. These were the people who worked with him, who wrote for his paper, and who companioned him on his visits to New York. It was a strange little group, composed for the most part of men and women of widely different interests. Some were actors, others painters, others writers; there were a few who were "regular" people, small business men, teachers, lawyers and the like. They all appreciated Whitman, they all loved Traubel. I learned later that Horace was almost never alone when he came to New York. I never met him here save in the company of some of his friends. Friends is the right word. I don't think stranger or acquaintance existed in his vocabulary. I never knew him to speak of anyone as an acquaintance. His passion was for people. He loved everybody. I can't think of any other man who had so much affection for crowds. In this humanness Traubel excels Whitman in every way.

Let us return now to the close of the banquet.

When all the uptown and out-of-town people had departed, Horace led the way up Fifth Avenue to Fourteenth Street. I did not bother to ask where we were going. There *was* a definite objective, that I knew. When I understood Horace better I found that he *always* had an objective. He did not stroll. He had something concrete and definite to do or see when he went out; he went directly to that point. So, too, with his work. When his critics say he wanders, I say they do not understand him. Try to pick out one phrase or sentence or paragraph from any of his writings. You have only the fragment of a thought. His work has a wonderful unity. Every word counts. His *Collects*, his poems, even his book reviews have a resemblance to Italian mosaic; like a little colored tile, each syllable fits into its proper place and has a positive relation to the whole.

The objective on that pleasant May night was Traubel's old stamping ground, Bristol's restaurant, in Fourteenth Street, opposite Irving Place. He had his regular midnight luncheon there every day he spent in New York in more than a decade. Bristol's is not a special

restaurant in any way, unless it is that the food there is especially bad. How Traubel ever discovered it I do not know. Nor do I understand why he clung to it so desperately. Perhaps because it is always open and because *people* go there. In passing I think I should say that the waiters knew Horace by sight and gave his orders special attention. But they never knew his name until one night I mentioned it. It was like Horace not to speak of himself; for ten years or more he had come and gone without a word about himself to anyone. He had no false pride. In fact, he depreciated his own work. He wrote me once that he was "altogether useless."

There were thirty or more of Traubel's friends with us on the occasion of my introduction to Bristol's. We trooped in like a small army, and like an army we ate. It did not matter that a few hours before we had enjoyed a banquet.

It was dawn before the party broke up. We sat over our coffee and talked and talked and talked. It was an experience never to be forgotten. Art, letters, philosophy, people—we discussed them all. Traubel's interests were many. I never knew him to express a lack of interest in anything or anyone. When I think of the scope of his mind I am reminded of Bacon's phrase: "The nobler a man is, the more objects of sympathy he hath." But it was more than sympathy with Traubel. It was Love. *He loved life*. He had the all inclusive point of view. He shut nothing out. He drew a circle that took everyone in. He had the universal mind. How Lincoln would have valued him! They were alike in so many ways—Lincoln and Traubel.

This was the beginning. I could write a thousand pages about the rest, and not a really dull page among them.

When we began to publish *The Dawn*, our little peace magazine, in January, 1917, when America stood at the crossroads between peace and war and allowed her bureaucrats and plutocrats to choose the latter, Horace Traubel often came to our place in Seventeenth Street to join with us in the small informal conferences we had there. Both Leigh Dannenberg, my partner in that venture, and myself were holding "regular positions" at that time; Leigh was with a newspaper syndicate and I was serving my final year as Margaret Sanger's personal secretary. For this reason we had to do most of the work on *The Dawn* at night; and, since we had few or no general helpers, and the obligations were many, there was rarely a single night that we did not toil far into the morning. I can still see Horace sitting in the corner of the room, nodding or actually falling asleep, while we read proof or wrapped and stamped outgoing magazines. He wrote several special articles for *The Dawn*.

The coming of the war meant a good deal to everyone of us, but to Horace it was a terrible tragedy. In his mind there never was any real reason for war. He hated war with all his heart. He hated this war especially. Perhaps it was because it was the most terrible of wars; perhaps it was because he knew the world was old enough to know better. Above all, he hated the common excuses which interested people made for the war. "The war to end war!" What a cruel joke! He knew that sort of war could never end war. "The war to make the world safe for democracy!" An idle, vicious phrase at best! There was no democracy to make safe! We talked the problem over from every possible angle. Our

faith in the Revolution grew each day. That was his one comfort. "This war is sowing revolution," he would say. And we agreed with him. A few months later Russia overthrew the Czar. A little more and Germany overthrew the Kaiser. The end is not yet.

It was in the middle of this turmoil that I was married. I remember taking Mrs. Fawcett to meet Horace for the first time. He was at Dannenberg's. I knew he was to be there, but I did not know the exact hour. I guessed that he might come late in the afternoon or early in the evening. I was not far wrong. For when we arrived, he had already come. I can recall how we were greeted by not Horace alone, but a whole committee of his friends who had come to meet the bride. This was late in May. On June 4th we were married, and Horace postponed his return to Philadelphia in order to be present. He wrote me just afterward that he could not easily forgive me for wearing evening clothes. "You don't belong in a dress suit, Waldo," he wrote; "and there is no dress suit about my love for you both." It was a pleasant sort of letter. I have it still.

There is one other picture of Traubel that I would like to paint for you. It has to do with the one occasion on which I had him entirely to myself.

I went over to Philadelphia early in the morning and intended going on to Pittsburgh the same night. I went around to *The Conservator* office in Chestnut Street, and found that Horace had not yet arrived there. He usually came down to the office about noon and worked straight through until after midnight. He had scores of letters to answer every day, and he attended to everyone himself. He had no assistant save one typesetter. He was editor, circulation manager, treasurer when there was any money to treasure, mailing clerk, office boy and what not.

The office was on the top floor of an old store building. It was a sight beyond all description. In the rear was a good-sized room, where the type racks were and where his assistant worked. It was scrupulously clean and neat. The front room was Horace's own, and it was a delightful confusion. Horace's desk was in one corner, and there was a tiny space near it for his own use and that of such visitors as might come to see him. For the rest, every inch of floor and wall space was covered with dusty piles of magazines, books and papers. Horace, of course, had some system of his own for the place; but no stranger would ever have been able to make head or tail of it. It was just chaos to the layman. But it was beautiful. It proves what I have asserted elsewhere. His interests were universal. There was nothing too big or too small to be unworthy of his attention. Art, letters, music, science, politics, economics, history—all were represented. He was one of the best-read men I have ever known. He knew mountains and mountains of things.

It was in this office that Horace received me when I returned later in the morning. He was glad to see me. He had expected me, because I had written him that I would soon be traveling his direction. We had luncheon together in a little restaurant not far distant, then returned to the office and talked and talked. He wanted the latest news from his friends in New York. I wanted to have him talk about himself. He got the news he wanted; but I failed. Horace did not talk about himself. The vanity which his critics charged against him I never saw. Though, heaven knows, he might have been proud with reason if he had wished. Some friends came in early in the evening, and we had supper together in the same dining room. After

dinner we walked in a park for a while and then returned to the office again. At midnight I went to the station to see him start home to Camden. I said farewell, and returned to the hotel where I had left my baggage in the morning. The following day I went on my way west. I saw Horace only once after that—at the Whitman meeting, last May. I had letters from him, but I did not see him. I shall explain why.

When Horace was in New York in January, 1917, he told me that his right leg pained him, that it seemed heavy and burdensome, that he had to drag it about at the expense of the other leg. A few days after my visit with him in Philadelphia in May, 1918, he was returning to Camden at the close of the evening, when he slightly injured the already hurt limb. He fell down on the deck of the ferryboat and had to be carried home. A doctor was called. It was found that a blood vessel had broken in his brain, destroying at least for the time being the sight of one eye. Anxious weeks of nursing and waiting followed. The Whitman Fellowship meeting came and went, with Horace absent for the first time in a score of years. We did not know whether we dared hope or not. After a month or two he was able to be moved, and his friends in Canada carried him off to Brantford, Ontario, where he was comfortably at home. In the fall he was brought down to Norwich, Conn., still under the care of a physician and still tirelessly nursed by his wife. He was ill, but not too ill to work. The paper went on just the same; he wrote as well, if not better, than of old. He was not discouraged. And we dared not be discouraged.

Traubel's philosophy was founded on Christ's one commandment, "that ye love one another." Love—that was the word stamped on Traubel's heart. With Whitman and Tolstoy he stands for the love of man for man, of mob for mob, of state for state. These three are the noblest teachers of our time. They are so splendid that I almost fear they will be canonized by the greedy church. Imagine St. Walt and St. Horace! The Revolution must come if only to save them from this fate.

Traubel's message is a development of Whitman's message. Whitman taught Democracy. Traubel taught Socialism. With Whitman, Democracy was an end. With Traubel, Socialism was a means. Traubel was a communist Socialist. That is, he believed in the community, the mass of the common people. The salvation of man rests in his own hands. With Shakespeare, Traubel says: "To thine own self be true."

Traubel was a Socialist because Socialism will accomplish the emancipation of humanity from wage slavery, war and injustice. He was a communist because he believed in mass happiness. He was a revolutionist because he was tired of waiting. He wanted to be free immediately. Why delay? He was an extremist, too; because he wanted the whole of freedom, not the part. But the background of all his thought was Love.

In this connection I want to speak of his sincerity. I never have met any other man so deeply sincere as Horace Traubel. He believed in the people, he believed in himself. He believed in Love. And he believed in the power of Love, in the justice of Love, in the rightness of Love. He trusted people. He trusted himself. By this I do not mean that he never asked questions. He did doubt at times. I have known him to be undecided; but never on the essentials. He never doubted Love, he never doubted people. He might be puzzled about a little detail here or there, but never about the whole. But when he had a question, he asked it hon-

estly and expected a true answer. It did not matter if the question was self-addressed.

I never knew Traubel to exaggerate or lie about anything. He had a rich, full life. His memory was crammed with stories. I heard some of them many times; they were always the same. Here is a true test. If he had been careless of the truth he would have met his Waterloo in this field. As a result, I would believe anything Traubel said. If he had asserted that black and white are the same color, I should have believed him.

His passion for humanity, his deep sincerity, his love of truth forecast his belief in the Social Revolution. He loved humanity, he desired the people's happiness, he wanted each man to be free to be noble; he wanted the best; he wanted the expansion and expression of the human soul. So—that we may be free to live and love according to the highest standard—he believed in striking off our chains.

Horace Traubel died in the early morning of September 8th, at Bon Echo in the highlands of Ontario, where he had gone to dedicate a great Whitman memorial. His illness had been of such duration, and his suffering so pitiful to see, that his friends found their grief in his passing mixed with relief that the struggle was over; Horace loved life, did not fear death, had completed more than his share of the world's work and arranged all that remained undone so that it may be carried on by others.

Those who knew him best will be satisfied to see *The Conservator* suspend; it was intensely and passionately his own paper, no other person could edit it. *With Walt Whitman in Camden* should be finished; Mrs. Traubel has all the notes. All the unpublished *Collects* and *Chants* should be brought out, as well as the book reviews. This work should not fall into the hands of an incompetent.

No one who really understood Horace Traubel could help loving him. He will be missed by thousands of people, mourned by countless friends. His memory will always be sacred. Some day, perhaps long hence, the whole world will recognize his genius, accept his teaching, and justify his faith.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE ANT

Out in the gay sunlight the butterfly played and the ant worked. Now and then the butterfly's shadow fell on the ant, but she would not look up, for she was so busy. "Why do you work so hard?" said the butterfly. "Because I want to have my larder full by the time the cold weather comes," said the ant. "I, too, would like to play in the sunshine, but the work must be done and you'll be sorry when the cold weather comes and you have nothing to eat." But the butterfly hid her face in a flower and laughed.

By and by the winter came and the butterfly knew that she must die. She looked around and alighted on a pleasant spot in which to spend the last few hours, and there she found the ant weeping bitterly. "I am dying," she said. "I have worked too hard and my strength is all gone. See that big hill over there; it is filled with food that I have gathered and now all the other ants are eating it." She waited for the butterfly to laugh, but the butterfly did not, for she felt very sorry. Then the ant said: "It is you who were wise, not I, for you enjoyed the present while I waited to enjoy the future and did not see that there might not be any future to enjoy."

FLORENCE MURPHY BAKER.

UNIVERSITY TRAINING AND THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Note:—The following statement was written in response to a letter from a young American college student who questioned the social value of University education.

J. W. F.

I advise you very strongly to remain in your groove, and postpone all questions as to your future career until you have finished your University course with reasonable credit, and are prepared to offer yourself to whatever cause you may choose to serve, as an adult man with a certified liberal education and the standing and experience of a University graduate. In that character you will be welcome and useful in the struggle for Socialism, or whatever other struggle may represent your sympathies. There is one character in which you will be welcomed nowhere, useful nowhere, and a nuisance everywhere; and that is in the character of an erratic half-educated youth excited with revolutionary ideas, at odds with his family and his school and all the other institutions within his reach because he is really at odds with his own unstable nerves. Your letter fills me with horrible suspicions of you in this direction. If they are justified, I have no use for you; the world has no use for you; and I pity your family. So you just drop it; and see what you can do under the easy circumstances of convention before you ask to be trusted in the difficult circumstances of revolution.

In judging established institutions you must remember always that their ostensible use is hardly ever their real use. For example, you say that all the education that a University can give can be equally given by University Extension Lectures. But this is only another way of saying that a man can learn Mathematics, or Latin, or History, or Philosophy just as well out of a University as in it. I presume no sane person disputes this. You may even go further and say—as you assuredly will say if you don't take my advice—that, after all, a man can learn these things from books as well as from University Extension Lectures. But to use such arguments is to miss the whole point of University education. Have you ever noticed that sailors have better manners than most men of their class, and that an officer on a liner is much more at home in society than an average man of business? Have you noticed that a University man, though he may be so ignorant that one wonders how he was ever coached up to the point of barely saving his degree, has a real superiority in manners relatively to the average of his class who have not been through a University? The secret of the ship and the college is the same: one gets in them the best substitute for communal training at present available in the middle and upper classes. You may consider yourself, on the whole, exceptionally lucky to find this training within your reach; and if you neglect the opportunity you will probably regret it all your life. It is no use quarreling with your circumstances at seventeen. The art of life is very largely the art of embracing your circumstances; for until you have mastered them you will neither be able to alter them nor to know whether and how they need alteration. Every recruit to Socialism should know some corner of society thoroughly well; and as recruits who know the common struggle for life of the working class and the uneducated middle class are only too plentiful, the best service you can do to Socialism is to qualify yourself to represent the University class. You will of

course find plenty of imposture and futility and snobbery and class corruption in the University; but you would not escape from that by taking refuge in Commercialism; and you would miss the right to expose the weaknesses of the college system and the power to deal with them from first hand knowledge, which is the only sort of exposure and dealing that will produce any effect.

Please remark that I do not advise you to strain after academic honors, or to aim at a University career. However, you will probably not be in any very great danger in this direction. In England it often happens that men of active mind have to be content with a second class at the University because they are interested in so many things besides the curriculum. But you ought to be able to hold your own through the college course and come out without disgrace. The truth is, if you can't do that, you will raise a presumption that you can't do anything. However unsatisfactory the test may be in many respects, it is, for a man in your circumstances, the only test available; and you will be judged by it just as inevitably if you offer your services to Socialism as if you offered them to the Church.

You will understand from your acquaintance with my writings that I am not giving you this advice under the usual conventional illusions. I think it very likely that the time will come when there will be a break between the school and the University of some years during which the student will go out into the world to earn his own living so that he may come to the University as a self-reliant adult, and not as a schoolboy. But as at the present time the conditions of making a living makes such a course practically impossible, you must, for the moment, take the world as you find it, and see what can be done under existing conditions.

This is the best advice I can give you.

Yours faithfully,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

10 Adelphi Terrace,
London, W. C.

AN INTERVIEW WITH SHAW

In response to a rather impertinent letter, in which I styled myself "a person of British birth with an American upbringing," I received a card telling me that G.B.S. would see me "at 11.30 Saturday a. m. and would try and fit my call in with other engagements." Not very promising, but I found myself all a flurry on that morning. Of course I wondered what I should say and whether he would look the same as he used to at those Fabian Society meetings years ago and whether he would be annoyed at my taking him from his many important duties. Nevertheless, I found myself searching for 10 Adelphi Terrace which, by the way, isn't on the Terrace at all, but on Robert Street. I was amused to find that the offices of the *London Nation* occupied the ground floor while G.B.S. lived on the top floor. It was somehow fitting for G.B.S. to sit on the *Nation*.

I presented myself at a little gate at the bottom of the stairs leading up to the top floor. A plate told me that Mrs. G.B.S. was out. I found the little bell and rang. After a moment or two a very nice maid came down, asked my name, and led me upstairs. I felt a longing to linger on my way because of the attractive pictures on the wall but I was on a definite errand and hastily followed my escort who showed me into a room which seemed to be the dining room. It was a large room with a big fireplace, some very charming china on

the shelves around the walls, and several queer grinning china animals whose grin reminded me of T. R. There was also a portrait of G.B.S. intensifying all his mephistophelian qualities but really very well painted.

These observations show that I had to wait a few minutes for the great man. But soon the door opened and in he came, as hearty and breezy as a whirlwind, a trifle greyer and slightly stouter, his voice much stronger than formerly, and looking remarkably well. After delivering my messages from his American friends, I asked him if he was likely to go to America soon.

"What is the use?" he replied. "I am safe here and even if I were offered large quantities of money to go, I should not be sure how soon I would be dangling from the nearest lamp-post."

He gave an amusing and vivid account of an air raid. One night three bombs had been dropped very close to his house—an occurrence that had had a tendency to impress various inner quakings upon his memory.

He was highly amused when I told him the authorities had taken from me his book, *Socialism for Millionaires*, a work he had written some thirty years ago. We could not decide whether it was because the officials feared the book would influence me towards Socialism or whether they were protecting G.B.S.'s authors' rights. Nevertheless, he thought it would be well to write and thank them.

He told of many of the muddling ways in which the Germans had carried on the war.

"But," he said, "if you printed these things during the war, you were called pro-German. It was against all Allied principles to call the Germans muddlers. They were the arch militarists and the Allies were the muddlers and only by the bravery, self-sacrifice, and other noble qualities of our men would the Allies win. Now we are to become militarists and perhaps learn muddling too. It seems a strange turning of the tables. The Germans went in for victory; the Allies for liberty, justice, democracy, etc. The Germans owe us a debt of thanks. They got liberty from their Hohenzollerns and a chance to form a democracy and we got victory and will be saddled with a militarism far worse than the German brand."

"Don't you think the English people will revolt against militarism?"

"It is hard to say. In a world so full of hatred, fear, selfishness, and wickedness, it is hard to know what will be done by the people."

We talked about the Peace Conference. He showed admiration for President Wilson. On the Russian situation he felt hopeless about the Allies. Intervention was all wrong and the French were making a mistake to insist upon the Allies waging war on the Russian workers.

"How do you think the cost of the war will be paid?" I asked.

"The only way I see is to make the capitalists pay," he answered. "I am taxed one-fourth of my income now and if it keeps increasing, I don't see how I can live here any longer."

One felt a sense of the unfitness of things to have him forced to give up that charming place.

We discussed the theatre, its past, present and future, and its wonderful opportunity for education.

"What hope do you see for the future?" I asked.

"Education of the children," he answered. "It is necessary to so educate the children that they will not only profit by our mistakes but will rectify some of them. 'To-day,' he continued, 'the needful argument for propaganda is the moral argument. I once thought it was the

economic argument, but I have come to know differently. We must get education of the right sort for the children and we can get it more by moral persuasion than by economic argument."

After a very nice three quarters of an hour I put on my hat to leave. G.B.S. asked me if I were remaining very long in England. When I told him I would probably visit Ireland, he exclaimed:

"Ah, my native land! Don't go there and get mixed in politics. Just go into Kerry and have a nice restful time. You know they have plenty to eat over there and an age-old grievance. If that were taken from them, they would be most unhappy and they know full well that without their grievance their island would become a green cabbage patch detached from the rest of the world and soon forgotten. It is well for them to have a grievance."

"That sounds very much like enjoying poor health," I suggested.

"You're right, they enjoy their grievance."

We parted, he turned to his work and I to think over all he had said. I was very sad because he, too, saw very little hope in a world of hate and bitterness and fear.

A few days later I decided to go to the Coal Commission hearing. On my way I saw G.B.S. again. He told me he was going to the Asquith-Bibesco wedding. His attire was a scream. His head was crowned by a rather large, light grey fedora hat, his suit was a brownish tweed mixture, as a protection from the frequent showers and snow he wore a sand-colored army raincoat, but the glowing attraction was a lavender shirt and a purple necktie. The morning paper had a picture of him as one of the important guests.

BETTY HALL.

THE OASIS

Beneath the date palms' grateful shade
The wearied men and camels lie,
Their destination still afar
Where gleaming sand meets sky;
But though 'tis sweet to lie at ease
Screened from the noonday heat,
The caravan soon moves again
Across the ever-burning plain,
For that far mart it must attain
Where sky and desert meet.

So with the caravan of life:
When to some halting place we come
We fain would linger there for aye,
Nor face the noontide sun;
But while in blissful ease we lie,
From far away it seems
There comes a voice that bids us rise
And journey on 'neath brazen skies,
For at the desert's rim there lies
The City of our Dreams.

ARTHUR W. BEER.

When I think of the profound dissertations of the metaphysicians, from Plato, the eagle, to Bergson, the lynx, there resounds inside of me with insistence this impertinent term: *words*; but immediately I right myself, and I add, now with tranquillity: sublime words.

ENRIQUE JOSE VARONA.

MODERNISM IN JAPAN

At present Japan is a country decidedly modern. I dimly remember the revolution of 1868, which overthrew the existing feudal government and established a new government. I well remember the declaration of the equality of the four classes—Samurai, farmer, artisan and trader. By the new government all the class distinctions, the castes, the privileges and monopolies of the old feudal régime were entirely abolished. Soon the Samurai lost his sword and salary as a professional soldier and was obliged to earn his living by his own work; while a farmer boy or a blacksmith boy was called to wear a sabre and to shoulder a gun as a soldier for a few years. Laws and regulations of the old time were abolished entirely and new ones were promulgated by the government.

In those days there was no printing type, so there were no newspapers. Books were then printed by hand on paper with engraved board covers. News of the revolution and of other important matters was carried by a pamphlet printed on a sheet or two of paper. There was no postal system. The country was divided into over sixty provinces and subdivided into hundreds of districts, each of these being ruled by a feudal lord of graded rank. Each issued his own paper money and laws and regulations for his district. As there were varying coins, so there were varying laws for the states and the nation. Only the national money could circulate the entire nation; the other denominations were good only in special localities.

With the revolution all these old things were completely swept away. It was entirely a revolution of the Samurai class, particularly of the lowest ranks among them. With the exception of a few of the farmers, the majority of the people did not take part in the revolution. But the result was enjoyed by the people as a whole. The only losers were the privileged classes under the feudal rule. Due to the success of the revolution, a member of the lowest ranks of the Samurai could sit in the government as a minister in the cabinet. These ministers were liberal in mind and at first ruled liberally so that the people enjoyed a complete freedom of occupation and organization.

Now followed the era of importing things western. Japan learned much from the western innovations; she welcomed everything and anything from the west, good or bad. Soon there arose a powerful ruling class around the ever-growing capitalist classes. As soon as the old revolutionary leaders established themselves in the government firmly, they then desired to eliminate the liberal or progressive elements and to build up a strong institution of bureaucracy with the army and navy as supporters. Thus they became able to successfully put down every revolt against the government. And, thus fortified, the bureaucrats eagerly imported western methods, provided they were likely to augment their own power and influence over the people. They built a powerful army and navy to protect their claims and to secure their hold on the government, modeled after the Prussian system. The bureaucrats were wise and smart. They aggrandized all political power to themselves by co-operating with the capitalist classes, favoring them, patronizing and protecting them by special enactments and giving them almost unlimited bounties and subsidies. Of course all these shrewd bureaucrats got valuable "modern instances" and examples from America and Europe. They created new titles, besides

rank and property qualifications, to put down the people. Economic, political, educational, social, and all legislative and administrative bodies were so organized and controlled that they would increase the power and influence of the bureaucratic régime. Consequently anything that might possibly conflict with the interest of the government was and is entirely suppressed.

The liberal movement, therefore, must strenuously fight for every inch of its way. Notwithstanding the arbitrary and artificial barriers now raised against the influx of thoughts and inventions from Europe and America, the difficulties have proved to be rather an impetus than a hindrance. For the more we are balked the more eagerly do we demand the new devices, material and spiritual, from abroad.

Modern ideas have been coming into Japan through literary channels, for example, as steadily and as vigorously as the reactionary bureaucrats have suppressed the people politically. There has arisen a class of young literary men and women who got hold of European literature of decadence and symbolism. They also studied the naturalism of Rousseau and the realism of Zola, while Strindberg, Gorki, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Andreeff, Shaw, Maeterlinck and other modern writers were introduced into Japan by these young persons. A literary modernism is indeed active among them, coining new words and phrases to suit their new reflections and expressions. Most of Shaw's dramas have been translated into Japanese and many of them presented on the stage. Thus modern thoughts and feelings prevalent to-day and in the immediate past in the western countries have been introduced into Japan, though oftentimes the master works as well as current news and opinions were met with prohibitive and repressive censorships. The Russian Revolution was reported to the daily newspapers by literary men who had studied especially the Russian language and Russian literature. The Japanese language is so flexible in its construction that it can readily express any new thought or idea without difficulty, so that constantly new and better translations of foreign words and phrases are coined to attract the young minds of the country.

At the present time our people are tremendously interested in the world democracy and its full meaning. This word has been discussed by all the scholars and statesmen of Japan, and it even became a topic in the last Imperial Diet. Of course, the Japanese government, which is autocratic and extremely reactionary, does not like the word and its meaning to be understood by the people. And not only the word democracy, but also such words as revolution, socialism, class-struggle, syndicalism, anarchism, and now I. W. W. are odious, and all ideas and observations pertaining to these are censored and suppressed. Foreign books with these titles are secretly confiscated through the Post Office or Customs House Office.

The feudal régime in Japan for nearly three hundred years shut off entirely all outside influence by the strictest exclusion, far stricter than that of the Chinese by the United States. No Japanese was allowed to leave Japan and no foreigner to enter. Not this only, but Japan prohibited foreign trade almost entirely. With this the case, I myself, along with my countrymen generally, until some time after the revolution of 1868, believed that the sun and the moon traveled the heavens from east to west every day and night, and that the earth was flat, also that the frequent earthquakes were caused by the motion of huge whales who lived under the earth! These medieval beliefs of the Japanese were

broken by the western powers and awakened an intense desire to make up for lost time, and with great haste and eagerness all things western were imported. Then the rulers of Japan, in order to retain their exclusive power, adopted a policy of exclusion in regard to liberal ideas and thoughts. They are afraid of socialism, revolution, and even democracy.

That fear is the most recent development of bureaucracy in Japan. I believe that it is too late to shut the doors to the modernism of the west, and more particularly to the thought of a revolution such as is now developing in Russia; it is too late to keep Japan in ignorance. On the contrary, revolutionary ideas are rapidly permeating the masses of Japan despite a rigid censorship; so that they will soon be crystallized into a living realization by the ever-increasing severity of the oppression put on the people by the brutal government. Then will the Japanese be free from the heavy yoke of bureaucratic Imperialism!

SEN KATAYAMA

July, 1918.

LETTERS AND POVERTY

There are two kinds of human outcasts. Man, in his march upward out of the deep into the light, throws out a vanguard and a rear-guard, and both are out of step with the main body. Humanity condemns equally those who are too good for it, and those who are too bad. It puts to death with the same ruthless equality the prophet and the atavist. The poet and the drunkard starve side by side.

Of these two classes of victims the stragglers are not more in need than those who go before. But it would seem as though the vanity of benevolence were soothed by the sight of degradation, but affronted by that of genius. Even the loafer and the criminal have found friends. The thinker and the discoverer have been left to struggle for existence. For them are no asylums; for them no societies stand ready to offer help. Millions have been spent in providing libraries for the populace; the founder of German literature was refused a librarian's place. And so society has cast its vote to this day for Barrabbas. . . . There is hardly any class which gives so much to humanity, and receives so little in return, as the class of men of letters. There is hardly any class whose sufferings are greater. The works of Homer have been an unfailing spring of noble pleasure for three thousand years, and during all that time humanity has repeated with more complacency than shame the story of the poet begging his bread, and has warned its children to shun the literary career. The dreadful death of Chatterton seems never to have roused a momentary pity in any philanthropist. Had that boy been blind, or dumb, or idiotic, or incurably diseased, how many benevolent hearts would have yearned over him! How many luxurious homes, standing in stately gardens amid glorious scenery, would have opened their doors to take him in! On his behalf the preachers would have preached, and the purse-proud would have loosed their purse-strings. But because, instead of being blind, he saw too well, saw the beauty and the wonder of the world, and would have told of them, philanthropy turned its back on him, and humanity would not suffer him to live.

Poe, himself the most gifted and the most wretched of his kind, has declared that the laudation of the unworthy is to the worthy the bitterest of all wrong. But

what, then, of the rewards of the unworthy—and the rewards of literature are too often in inverse ratio to its worth. The writer who faithfully reflects every prejudice in the public mind can never stand in need of charity. But what of Dante and Milton, of Villon and Verlaine?

The man of genius, above all the man of original genius, must generally look for bread to some other pursuit than his own. The exceptions are those whom robust health, or some strong talent auxiliary to their inspiration, has enabled to combat the public prejudice of their own day. And too often the struggle has been won at some cost to the abiding value of their work.

Literature is the chief ornament of humanity; and perhaps humanity never shows itself uglier than when it stands with the pearl shining on its forehead, and the pearl maker crushed beneath its heel.

There is in England a thing called a Royal Literary Fund, for the pretended purpose of showing charity to men of letters. By the published rules of this institution its alms are only to be bestowed on those whose lives and writings are alike free from reproach on the score of religion and morality. What a clause for the charter of a hospital! It is evident that those responsible for this public insult to literature are inspired, not by compassion for genius, but by fear and hatred of genius. Their true object is to give alms in the name of literature to the enemies of literature. And so they have built an asylum for well-behaved dunces and have written over the door: "No admittance for Shakespeare and Goethe."

ALLEN UPWARD.

The New Word.

THE ANTIQUE SHOP

Like a tomb it stood
Isolated, quiet, yet at peace;
Stretching its length into the gloom of half-forgotten things,
Apart, and yet one with the gay world hurrying by.
I checked my rapid passage past its door;
The candles in the window, almost spent,
Sent one last yellow flare across its face—
And there, a little teakwood table set for two,
Her place across the snowy cloth from mine,
From out the dim half-tone of shadowed light
She spoke to me—within the tallow folds the flames lay low;
The vision fled, the Antique-shop grew dark,
And I—passed on into the night.

FLOYD MEREDITH.

CHARLESTOWN BRIDGE

A haze of fog, sunlit at close of day,
A jet of smoke through amber colored light,
Makes one last picture at the fall of night
On wharves and ships that dimly stretch away
Beneath the Charlestown bridge. Shrill sea gulls play
Along the frozen stream, here black, here light
Where cakes of ice and snow hold cold and tight
The black-scarred piles and ships that creak and sway.
The subway darts across the bridge of steel
And curves into the city on the shore.
The rumble of its bright swift-running wheel
Is lost amidst the multitudinous roar,
But over all the slanting sunbeams steal
The quiet of the evening comes once more.

RUTH METZGER.

TWILIGHT

The shadows crept through the scrub oak and huddled under the protecting arms of the tall pine trees. Harding treaded the dark path through the woods that led up from the little Long Island village through the grounds of the institution. Under the oak bushes the crickets sang of the soul-sickness of all those who followed that path. Harding knew in his own soul that their song was true.

Occasionally a bicycle lamp shone out of the darkness ahead of him, and a uniformed nurse passed him on her way to the village. Once or twice the lights of an automobile illumined a long stretch of the State road. When the car had passed, the frightened shadows clung together more tightly and the pine trees murmured soothing words to them. Now and again a rustle in the scrub oak betrayed the hasty route of a scared rabbit.

Moon and stars were enveloped in dark folds of inky cloud. Save for the crickets it was very still. Harding progressed slowly. One could not walk rapidly in the darkness. After a while he saw the lights of the first group of hospital buildings.

Inside the grounds it was even more still. There were fewer crickets. The great velvety lawns stretched away ominously to the distant chain of lighted windows. Suddenly a scream pierced the night. It was repeated. Harding felt the blood in his veins growing thin and chill. The scream was repeated again. Harding always tried to steady his nerves by seeking for comparisons. It was something like the sound his cousin's wife made just before an epileptic attack, and that reminded him of a panther. At least he had thought of a panther. He had never heard one. He only imagined how it must sound. There was something unearthly, inhuman, about this cry. The scream came again tearing the darkness like a flash of lightning. "Poor, poor woman," muttered Harding.

Somehow, he had never become used to those screams. He felt that he never would, and was glad that he was leaving. He passed on and reached the employees' dormitory. In the reception room of the building someone was playing the piano. Harding went down the long hall to his room. The moon had found a worn place in her cloudy veil and was peering through boldly at the curious world. A ray of light made a blotch of silver on the floor of Harding's dark room. As he undressed he thought he heard again the piercing screams of the insane woman in Group H. Yes, he was glad he was going away.

II

The heavy head of dark hair turned restlessly on the white pillow, and the staring eyes of the young woman were like burning lamps in an alabaster shrine. Harding, sitting on the edge of the bed, bent over her tenderly, soothing, suggesting, arguing, conscious of the battle that was being waged between truth and madness.

His two years of stenographic work in the institution had left him with some comprehension of her troubled state. As he went on talking to her, he wished that he had learned more. The screams that had pierced the shadows under the tall pine trees on the Island were echoing in his brain. Would this woman end like that? Could he help her to grasp the silken thread of reason that led out of this delusioned labyrinth? His voice kept up its measured flow of sound. The words dropped into the dimly lit room like water into some congealing liquid. The burning eyes of the woman became less vivid, the dark hair lay still against the white pillow.

Harding was holding out his hand before her, palm downwards, his slim fingers fluttering with an exaggerated tremor.

"You see," he said, "this is how it is. Those nerves must become quiet. That is all the trouble. It is as though you struck the keyboard of a piano with a sledge hammer. They are all a-tingle. We must be very still . . . very still. Those trembling nerves send up such false vibrations. Every sound you hear, every odor that reaches you, becomes exaggerated. You think it is some terrible thing. You misinterpret the slightest disturbance. We must get thoroughly rested. . . ."

The light in the girl's eyes was clearer. They shone out like the moon when clouds pass from before her face. Harding's persuasive voice trailed off into silence. The dark head began turning again on the white pillow.

"Did you ever see a fish moving through the water?" Harding's voice began again. "Did you ever see it send up a little string of bubbles? That is what your nerves have been doing. We must prick those bubbles; they are full of lies. But first of all we must rest. We must sleep first. . . . Sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep."

His drowsy monotone went echoing through the darkness. The girl's hand gradually relaxed in his grasp. By and by her regular breathing told him that he had won the first battle. "But it is only the first," he thought sadly.

He rose, turned out the light, and departed noiselessly down the silent hall of the rooming house toward his own door.

III.

"You won't let them take me?" The girl's voice held all the terror of that reason which precedes its own eclipse. Harding winced, but answered her promptly. "No, no. You are going down into the country for a long rest. No one is going to take you. You will be all right after a while. See how much better you are now. All those wild ideas you had have vanished. There isn't one left."

The girl laughed joyously, a little hysterically. She was reassured. "How can anyone get in such a state? I certainly have had a brainstorm."

Harding was thinking of the doctor's words, "Ultimately she will doubtless have to be committed." Committed. He knew what that meant. The screams of the woman in Group H seemed to be penetrating the quiet room. "Change and rest," the doctor had said, "Change and rest may enable her to recover for a time, but in the long run I am afraid. . . ." Harding knew. He could see the procession of institutional women going back and forth to the laundry, or groups of them sitting on the enclosed porches of the wards. Some of them had strange, expressionless faces. Others leered at him with erotic silliness. Some of them cursed, or called out obscene greetings. And always at night some of them screamed. No wonder the shadows were always scurrying towards the protecting pine trees. . . . Those screams!

"When I get entirely well again—" The girl's voice interrupted his mental survey—"I think I'll go to California. I've always wanted to go to California. I think I can get work there. I ought to. I'm a good stenographer." Harding thought of the little savings account upon which she had already found it necessary to draw. About three hundred dollars. Well, it didn't matter. She would never see California. She would . . .

"If it hadn't been for you, I don't know . . . what would have happened to me. I guess I'd have died, or . . . I don't know. . . . That first night . . . I was . . . What a lot of crazy ideas. I guess maybe I'd have been in The Seven Steeples."

"The Seven Steeples?" he asked.

"Yes. I guess you don't know. That's what we children used to call it. The asylum wasn't very far away from our place. It had seven little cupolas, and we always used to call it The Seven Steeples. I guess. . . ."

Harding shuddered. "Just forget all about that," he said. "Just forget everything except the country and rest. You'll be all right."

She smiled up at him confidently. "I think I shall," she said.

IV

The landlady's husband drove them to the station in his car. It was the family luxury. Harding kept up a continual, cheerful conversation with the girl. In his mind he was saying over and over, "It is the only thing. . . . She can't stay here. There's no one to look after her. We can't afford a sanitarium. Her relatives must assume the responsibility. Let them do what seems best to them. Perhaps. . . . A ragged cloud cluttered up a corner of the blue sky. It seemed to have seven peaks. The Seven Steeples. . . . She thinks she's going to the country to rest. Well, so far as we know, she is. She may recover down there."

The girl smiled at him from time to time. Her trust was disheartening.

They alighted and made their way through the busy station. The girl's train was in. The older man went through the gate with her. Harding, waiting outside, paced to and fro nervously. "I'll be sure to write to you," she had said, "you and the doctor, and Mrs. Marsden. You've all been so good. . . ." and his last words to her had been that soft, soothing lie, "You're going to be all right."

Marsden came back. Together they watched the train. Hurrying stragglers surged through the little gate. Finally it was closed. The light in back of the track-number went out. Harding breathed a sigh of relief. At least she would never bother him again. He realized how she had tired him, how she had tired them all. "Going—going—going," he repeated facetiously.

"Gone," finished the older man with a laugh. The train slid away from them and was gradually lost to view. They turned back towards the waiting automobile. "Good work," said the landlady's husband.

V

In the evening they all went for a drive. It was cool and still in the country. The strain and worry of the two weeks they had tried to care for the girl was telling on all of them. Her departure had been a great relief. Now they experienced a reaction.

Harding leaned back on the leather cushions and gave himself up to a delicious sense of freedom and rest. The sun was slipping on the western hills. High up among the thin clouds the pale moon was waiting patiently to take his place. The car glided on between stretches of fruitful farm land. The air was sweet and comforting.

Somewhere among the sleeping hills a train whistled. Harding quickly sat up. A swift vision of that other train carrying the girl to her unsympathetic relatives shot across his mind. What would they do with her? A week might go by, possibly two, but before long there would be another disturbed episode. Then—commitment. They would take her to the asylum with the seven cupolas, "The Seven Steeples" she had called it. She had played in its shadow as a child. Now that shadow would reach out and draw her within its walls.

The machine turned and flew back over the smooth road between the waves of country stillness. The sun had fallen on the steep western slope and was lost to view. Overhead the moon, rewarded for her patience, smiled in satisfied triumph. Lights grinned from the windows of the farm-houses.

Mrs. Marsden spoke. "Well, I really don't know what I should have done without you, Mr. Harding. You seemed to know just how to get along with her. I certainly hope her relatives will look after her all right."

Harding smiled a hard, sad smile. He was thinking of the shadows that had clung like frightened children to the skirts of the pine trees. Across the sleeping country he could hear the unforgotten screams of the woman in Group H. The night breeze rushing past him chuckled with the malicious joy of a demon. He leaned back on the cushions wearily.

"Well, we are rid of her at any rate," he answered.

He knew he had voiced the thought that was uppermost in all their minds. They rode on in silence

JOSEPH UPPER.

UNDERSTANDING THE RUSSIANS

Will we ever be able to understand the Russians? One day I met a man who had lived among them and explained the excesses of Bolshevism by the assertion that suffering and death were regarded by the average Russian with a stoical indifference incomprehensible to the Occidental world. Centuries of contact with the Orient, and an equal period of repression, of acquaintance with the knout and other forms of torture had induced callousness. A few days later I came across an Austrian surgeon who had served in hospitals along the Hungarian frontiers and had had experience with Russian prisoners of war as nurses. They were enemies, so what he said was naturally not colored by sympathy.

"I used many different nationalities," he said, "and found the Russians the gentlest and most lovable. Their patience was inexhaustible and their kindness to their worst enemies was simply indescribable. Nothing that I asked them to do was too much. They taxed their endurance to the limit and never murmured. I have seen them handle patients with a tenderness and care that one would expect only from a trained woman. Our own people were good nurses, and so were the Italians. The Rumanians were the worst. The Hungarians were too proud to do all that was required. But the Russians—splendid, handsome, blonde giants—were always dependable, always good-humored, always ready to help, by day or by night."

CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT.

The New York Times.

A CHILD, DANCING

A child with unmanageable feet
Skips on the street below;
The wind has invited her to race;
The sun is a kiss upon her face,
And the world is a great applauding place. . . .
I know . . .

She dances now with timid step,
Light as the new leaves blow;
Her skirts are wings of butterflies,
And with every feathery grace she tries,
Her feet cry out life's glad surprise . . .
I know . . .

HAZEL HALL.



1919

By AARON GOODELMAN

TRUE ART SPEAKS PLAINLY

The sum and substance of literary as well as social morality may be expressed in three words—tell the truth. It matters not how the tongues of the critics may wag, or the voices of partially developed and highly conventionalized society may complain, the business of the author, as well as of other workers upon this earth, is to say what he knows to be true, and, having said as much, to abide the result with patience.

Truth is what is; and the seeing of what is, the realization of truth. To express what we see honestly and without subterfuge: this is morality as well as art.

What the so-called judges of the truth or morality are really inveighing against most of the time is not the discussion of mere sexual lewdness, for no work with that as a basis could possibly succeed, but the disturbing and destroying of their own little theories concerning life, which in some cases may be nothing more than a quiet acceptance of things as they are without any regard to the well-being of the future. Life for them is made up of a variety of interesting but immutable forms and any attempt either to picture any of the wretched results of modern social conditions or to assail the critical defenders of the same, is naturally looked upon with contempt or aversion.

It is true that the rallying cry of the critics against so-called immoral literature is that the mental virtue of the reader must be preserved; but this has become a house of refuge to which every form of social injustice hurries for protection. The influence of intellectual ignorance and physical and moral greed upon personal virtue produces the chief tragedies of the age, and yet the objection to the discussion of the sex question is so great as to prevent the handling of the theme almost entirely.

Immoral! Immoral! Under this cloak hide the vices of wealth as well as the vast unspoken blackness of poverty and ignorance; and between them must walk the little novel-

ist, choosing neither truth nor beauty, but some half-conceived phase of life that bears no honest relationship to either the whole of nature or to the soul of man.

The impossibility of any such theory of literature having weight with the true artist must be apparent to every clear reasoning mind. Life is not made up of any one phase or condition of being, nor can man's interest possibly be so confined.

The extent of all reality is the realm of the author's pen, and a true picture of life, honestly and reverentially set down, is both moral and artistic whether it offends the conventions or not.

THEODORE DREISER.

ON VIRTUE

Virtue is a word that abolishes duty. For duty has steadily fallen into worse and worse opprobrium; it has come to mean nothing but effort and stress. It implies something that is done rightly, but that cuts straight across the grain of all one's inclinations and motive forces. It is following the lines of greatest resistance; it is the working of the moral machine with the utmost friction possible. Now there is no doubt that the moral life involves struggle and effort, but it should be the struggle of adequate choice, and not of painful inhibition. We are coming to see that the most effective things we do are those that have some idea of pleasure yoked up with them. In the interests of moral efficiency, the ideal must be the smooth and noiseless workings of the machine, and not the rough and grinding movements that we have come to associate with the word "duty." For the emphasis on the negative duty we must substitute emphasis on the positive virtue. For virtue is excellence of working, and all excellence is pleasing.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

THE HOUSE OF SPIDERS

Note:—The following story, true in every detail, was written in the fall of 1918, and first printed in The New York Call. In presenting it a second time, I wish to say that the hospital referred to is the so-called New York Medical College Hospital for Women, 19 West 101st Street, New York City, and that I have discovered that the generalities used in my story apply with equal force to more than a score of institutions in Manhattan, but emphatically do not apply to The New York Nursery and Child's Hospital, 61st Street and Amsterdam Avenue, New York City, which, I am glad to testify, is everything that a hospital should be and nothing it should not be. The first publication of my story brought me many letters and a number of personal visits from persons who had suffered similar experiences; it also brought me considerable information with regard to the last named institution, information which I was able to verify. I do not wish to withdraw even a single syllable of my complaint against the New York Medical College Hospital for Women; it is all that I have charged it to be, and more. I am anxious, however, that my readers will understand that there is a difference as great as that between night and day between "The House of Spiders" and The New York Nursery and Child's Hospital. If anyone is curious for further details let him visit each of the two hospitals and judge for himself.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

In a noisy little street on the upper West Side of Manhattan there is a House of Spiders. It is commonly called a hospital, but the name is a misnomer.

The building is twenty years old, and the front steps are worn down in uneven lines, so many hundreds of feet have come and gone there.

To the right of the vestibule, as one enters, there is a small office, where a nurse in a white uniform and little cap sits at a telephone switchboard, and where a supervisor, in the same type of uniform, walks nervously about, welcoming patients, directing employees, and acting as general major-domo for the whole establishment. Across the narrow hallway, to the left of the entrance, is a so-called "reception room." This little box is provided for the alleged convenience of friends of the patients in the house, but it lacks every element of real comfort. Around the walls are cheap oak book-cases, with glass doors, all carefully locked. In the center of the room is a broad oak table with some ancient magazines scattered about. The chairs are stiff leather-covered affairs, with straight backs. There is one large, screenless window, through which the flies buzz drowsily. The hot summer sun beats mercilessly in. A sad place at the best, a chamber of horrors at the other extreme.

* * *

In this waiting room one morning last month there sat a tall, thin boy of twenty-five or thereabouts. His face was drawn with pain and his hands quivered ceaselessly. He kept his eyes turned towards the corridor, but the door stood in such a position as to prevent a clear view of the space beyond. What was denied him in the way of things to see was granted in things to hear.

Hour after hour he sat and listened to every word that passed in the office and vestibule. To reproduce that stream of conversation would be impossible. Suffice it to say that the boy was shocked. Years of contact with hard, cruel things had taught him much. He knew about prisons, reform schools, asylums; about railroad wrecks and mine disasters; but this was a new experience. He had never known how terribly the friends of sick people suffer; he heard now a woman sobbing over the condition of her child injured in an accident; now a man taking the news of his poor wife's relapse with

stoical silence—silence that spoke volumes; and now a whining child calling for its mother.

Scores of people called the house by phone to ask for dear ones suffering there. Invariably the reply was, "Resting comfortably." These words came to mean something terrible beyond description to the waiting boy. Every time the nurse employed them he shuddered. For patients in hospitals do not rest comfortably. People go to hospitals only when they are dangerously ill, and people who are dangerously ill do not rest and are not comfortable. The phrase is a lying one; when you hear it, prepare for the worst; you may be disappointed; your friend may recover, but the chances are that the nurse at the phone is reciting a stereotyped reply; she says the same thing to every one. Except, of course, when the Reaper has claimed the patient; then she has to tell the truth.

* * *

Pain is a tragedy, always. There are no exceptions. The race goes down into valleys of agony, men and women writhe in torment; death, when it comes, is a release.

Every word the boy heard burnt into the fabric of his mind. He wondered, at last, why he had not heard of these things before. It was a long time, many days, before he had his answer to that query.

When the boy had waited four or five hours, a nurse, one of the chief nurses in the house, came to him and said:

"Why don't you go home and rest? You will be sick, if you don't. Your wife is getting along beautifully. I was just in to see her."

"If you can see her, why can't I?" he asked.

"I'm a nurse," was the reply. "We can't have men running all over this place; this is a woman's hospital."

"But you have men patients here," he answered.

"Yes; that's true. But the best thing you can do is to go home and rest. Take it easy. She'll be all right."

"No," said the boy, "I'll wait. When the doctor comes, please me let me speak with him."

"Now, Mr. Potter, please do as I tell you. You can't stay here like this. The baby won't be born until late this afternoon."

"I'll wait."

"Look here, we don't want you around. Go home. Do you want to make things worse than they are?"

"I couldn't make them worse. I've seen enough already to know that. I shall wait here until the doctor comes. Please let me alone." His voice was hoarse and full of tears.

"You men make me sick. Why don't you stay away? Do you want your wife not to get well?"

"I do want her to get well; yes, just well enough to be taken home. We can do more for her there. If I had known what sort of place this is, she would never have come here. The doctor told us it was a regular palace. I can see for myself that it's a regular hell-hole."

"All right, take her out!" cried the nurse. "We don't care."

"I shall take her away as soon as she can be moved," said the boy.

The nurse left him then. In the vestibule he heard her say:

"I can't do anything with him. He acts like a crazy man."

The girl at the phone answered: "They tell me he's a radical Socialist. The doctor told the night supervisor."

After a time the doctor came. He was fresh and smiling, and he held out his hands with a great show of generosity.

"Why do you worry so, Mr. Potter? Everything will be all right. I tell you she'll do very nicely, and you will have a fine healthy baby. Everything will be all right, I promise you." He poured this forth as though he knew every syllable of the conversation the boy had just had with the nurse.

"May I see her, doctor?"

"Yes, I think so."

He followed the doctor upstairs. They made the first three flights in an elevator, then opened a door and climbed a long, narrow stairway to the top floor, where the poor wife lay.

"Doesn't the elevator run beyond the third floor, doctor?"

"No," was the reply.

"How do you get your patients downstairs after operations?"

"Carry them," replied the physician calmly.

"Carry them!" cried the lad.

"Sure, in the nurse's arms."

"Well, is that sort of thing good for a person who has just been cut open?"

"No; but it's a fault in the construction of the building. We have to put up with it."

Put up with it! Why? What need is there to put up with such a grave and dangerous condition? These thoughts ran through the boy's brain.

* * *

The doctor opened a door at the top of the stairs and went in. Potter followed. On a white bed, covered over with a thin sheet, lay the lad's wife, a little girl-woman, becoming a mother. Potter was stunned. The patient did not know him; her eyes were turned back, or, rather, up in her head; she had bitten her lips so that her mouth and chin were covered with blood, thick and dark. The boy went up to the bed and stooped down. But the doctor dragged him away, and in a minute more he was back in the reception room.

He dropped his head in his hands. Karen's words came back to him: "I suppose it is the law of life that nothing new can come into the world without pain." The phrase struck him like a whip in the face. He had never known what pain meant; now he understood.

There never was a day so long before. The hours seemed to turn back and start again. Every minute was an eternity. The boy wanted to cry, but his eyes were dry and smarted. Every nerve in his body ached. A bitter acid filled his mouth. What had he done, what had his dear one done, if, in the Christian sense of things, this was their punishment?

One after another, nurses came to him and begged him to go away. Every word they said strengthened his intention to stay. When they left him, they stood in the hallway in a little group and talked of him, wondered what he would do if she died, and so forth. Curses he had known as a child, picked up in the gutters, came

to his lips, and he muttered eternal damnation on them all.

* * *

Then he tried to analyze the whole affair. Why were these nurses so anxious for him to go away? The answer came slowly. Because they are used to the pain of the body, but inexperienced with the pain of the mind. There is a difference, it seems. These women come into hospital life with good hearts and with ready sympathies for every suffering creature. But they see so much misery that they put on the armor of indifference; they shield themselves with generalities; they make rules. Soon the milk of human kindness dries up completely; then, and only then, in the professional eye, are they competent nurses. Medicine is to them a science; they take themselves seriously; they believe in their own importance. Finally, they become a part of the priest-craft—initiated ones in the temples.

The average hospital is an institution, and when a person enters its doors he must submit himself to the law thereof. Like a prison in every way, save that in prison there are exceptions.

Potter was learning, and the religion of hospitalism was making a relentless enemy.

At last, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the doctor called the boy and led him into the street. They walked for a time in silence.

* * *

Then, when they turned into Central Park West, just south of 110th street, the doctor said:

"Mrs. Potter is perfectly all right. She will recover."

The boy reeled, but the doctor caught him by the arm and forced him to stand erect.

"You told me, doctor, that everything would be all right," he said, at last.

"Yes, I know; but it was an accident. I couldn't help it; I did my best." The doctor stammered, so anxious was he to make himself right in the lad's opinion.

"But you told me everything would be all right, doctor!" Potter cried. "Why did you tell me that if you weren't certain?"

"I thought everything would be all right; I was mistaken."

"So I see."

They walked on in silence. Then the doctor said: "The baby died."

"I know."

At last they stopped and the boy phoned to his mother and told her what had happened.

"Now you can go back to the hospital and see Mrs. Potter," said the doctor, and departed.

* * *

Like a man in a daze the boy returned to the reception room, and announced that the doctor had said he might see his wife.

"Oh, no," said the supervisor. "Not yet. At six-thirty you can go in."

"Is she in her room now?"

"Yes."

"Carried down that stairway in somebody's arms, eh?"

"Yes," and the supervisor looked meaningly at the nurse at the switchboard. They had heard about that stairway before.

"So I can't see her, even if the doctor says I may?" asked Potter.

"No, not yet."

Then Potter broke loose. Without pause for breath,

he told those women what he thought of their hospital. He pointed out the dirty walls, the screenless windows, the rotten flooring, the broken equipment, the filth in the hallways and airshaft, the miserable furnishing, and so forth, without end.

"And you call this a good hospital?" he stormed.

"Yes, one of the best in the city."

"God help the others!"

At last the boy was allowed to see the patient. Words could not describe her condition.

"My baby, my baby," she sobbed.

Potter tried to comfort her.

"No new thing . . . without pain."

* * *

The next day Potter called at the hospital for the baby's body. The doctor was there waiting.

"Tell me how it happened, doctor?"

"It was strangled to death in labor. It was a very hard case. One of the worst I ever had."

"Why?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know?"

"I thought everything would be all right."

"Well, where is the baby's body?" Potter asked at last.

"In the morgue," answered the nurse.

"We'll go and get it," the boy said.

* * *

The nurse hesitated. But the doctor motioned for her to lead the way. They passed through a filthy cellar, where food was being cooked in a dirty kitchen. A few feet from the kitchen door there was a wooden gateway. The nurse opened this and the boy passed in. To one side of the little cell four rough boxes painted black stared at him. On the other side was a narrow shelf, dreadfully soiled. Here, in a white bundle, lay Potter's first born, strangled to death, because . . .

The boy stooped to pick up the bundle. As he took it up a swarm of hideous black spiders, each the size of a half dollar, fled to their holes in the brick wall.

"God!" screamed the lad. "The house of spiders! The house of spiders!"

Darkness overpowered his brain, his heart gasped. He heard the sound of many feet running in a stone corridor. Then silence.

Finally, the nurse's voice: "I didn't want to bring him here. I knew he wouldn't like it."

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

To the child, the genius with imagination, or the wholly untravelled, the approach to a great city for the first time is a wonderful thing. Particularly if it be evening—that mystic period between the glare and gloom of the world when life is changing from one sphere or condition to another. Ah, the promise of night. What does it not hold for the weary! What old illusion of hope is not here forever repeated! Says the soul of the toiler to itself, "I shall soon be free. I shall be in the ways and the hosts of the merry. The streets, the lamps, the lighted chamber set for dining, are for me. The theatre, the halls, the parties, the ways of rest and the paths of song—these are mine in the night." Though all humanity be still enclosed in the shops, the thrill runs abroad. It is in the air. The dullest feel something which they may not always express or describe. It is the lifting of the burden of toil.

THEODORE DREISER.



BELLA

BY AARON GOODELMAN

LIGHT

When now you break the chrysalis
That bound and bent you double,
You come, a rush of clear white wind
Flung from a painted bubble!

Back to the fellowship of freemen,
The flax of a spindle ball
Blown out across a windy field
Of stubble in the fall!

Back from the gorge of muddy rainbows,
The drift of shipwrecked dreams—
From the deck of a foundering nautilus
To the plunge of living streams!

And brave as the crows and winter willows,
No more of flowery spring
To beg the last year's fallen leaf.
The feather from your wing!

ALOYSIUS COLL.

We have just enough religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

JONATHAN SWIFT, 1720.

Except to the poet, the age of poetry is always past.

JOHN DAVIDSON, 1900.

DEAD LEAVES

The old woman lay outstretched in the unpolished coffin. She seemed straight now, and tall, although, when alive two days ago, she was tiny and bent, her head always scanning the earth, disproving thus man's majesty, that he alone of all animals looks directly into God's million eyes, the stars. Her face showed unpleasantly the contour of her skull; indeed, it was already a skeleton, but covered with a thin yellow leather, so as not to hurt the sight of the living, and there was nothing about her toothless lips to indicate that divine smile generally accorded to the dead.

The room was still very neat. The old woman had always been a fine housekeeper. She would raise her bony, bent body as some thin dog that stands on his hind legs, and would clean every speck upon the walls and the humble furniture. When she lay dying on her bed, her eyes, which were sharp and far-sighted, noticed some unclean spot upon the ceiling. She raised her hand feebly, and made a motion as though cleaning the place; her old husband and an aged neighbor who were there whispered to each other that she probably saw the Angel of Death coming down upon her, and that she was trying to drive him off. It was then that they knew in all certainty that she was dying. Now her poor closed eyes rested forever from the annoyance of this muddy planet, and a few flies felt at liberty to buzz undaunted about the room, even at times touching their dead enemy's eyelids or sharp, almost needle-like nose.

Within an hour or two the undertaker was to come and remove the corpse. Meanwhile two old women, next-door neighbors, were sitting at the window, whispering to each other.

"Yes, she was a good soul, and cleaner than any old woman I've ever known."

"I remember when I was sick last year, she kept her own house and mine, and never seemed tired out."

"She had a wonderful constitution. You know, I thought many times: 'this crippled little body will outlive another generation of strong people.' And, now, here she is dead." And she sighed that long sigh which fills the lungs to the apex, and cheers one.

"I should not be surprised to see her get off and begin to clean around."

The husband of the deceased sat in a dark corner of the room, a yellow-faced man, bald to the neck, and shaking incessantly his head, as if to say to all things, "No, no." His eyes were widely open, but he saw nothing at all. Of all the seventy-five years that he had lived, it seemed nothing had remained. A mocking wind had blown away the debris of memory immaculate, as mocking autumn winds whirl around the dried, twisted leaves of withering trees, and whistle them far off, leaving the ground spotless.

For more than a half century that little body in the coffin had been his faithful wife; for more than a half century they loved each other, first passionately, then, as the years passed on, quietly, like brother and sister. It was a fire that first burst in long tongues of flame, then gradually subsided and covered itself with a hillock of ashes, but never died out, and always kept warm. They had a little son, who died many years ago; they had friends, who were all buried; they had money, which was lost; they had laughter and tears and hopes and disillusion—*but all these things, this kaleidoscope of life had been washed off the screen, and the screen crumpled up and thrown away.* . . . And the old

man sat huddled up in the large chair, the straw of which was coming out of its heavy belly, and saw nothing, knew nothing of seventy-five years.

"I don't know why people want to live many years," whispered one of the old women to the other.

"I suppose it's because they've never known what it is to be old. Now, what do you think her old man will do without her?"

"She was a wonderful wife to him."

"He was never so easy to get along with—very irritable."

"I suppose he'll be taken care of by the charities."

"The charities!" exclaimed the other, and laughed like the nerve-racking tearing of fuzzy cloth, showing two long yellow teeth, one in either jaw, "Don't you know what the charities are?"

"I don't think he has any relatives. I never saw any come up."

"No; it was rather a mysterious couple—never talked of themselves."

"Who knows what their life has been."

Then each woman's mind painted on a swiftly turning canvas a life for the silent corpse and her silent husband. These were, in general, unpleasant lives, suspicious, vulgar, obscene, crowded with pain and disillusion—lives that old, disappointed women like old, disappointed gods could create.

"You can never tell who people are."

"Yes, it's true—you can't."

"When is the undertaker supposed to come?"

"Should be here by this time."

"I am getting chilled. I should like to go in and make me a cup of warm coffee."

"I guess we better wait, anyhow. He seems all upset to-day."

Then there was silence again. The old woman lay eternally still in her coffin; her old husband, weary, fell asleep in the large chair, whose straw was dropping slowly; the flies buzzed dreamily about the corpse; the old women were looking out of the window and thinking of their kitchens, of warm clothes, of coffee, of dead old women and poor old men. . . .

The undertaker came, the coffin was sealed and carried out. The old women followed, shedding a few cold tears. The door was closed with a bang. The old man, deep in his chair, was forgotten. He was not supposed to follow the hearse any way. He had heard no noise, and was sleeping on. Then he awoke and looked about him. It seemed to him that something strange had taken place; he tried to recollect for a few minutes, but the canvas of life was being incessantly washed clean of all pictures. He rose, walked to the cupboard, took some coffee that his wife had made, for she made coffee for a week at a time, warmed it, and drank, while his little head, bald to the neck, shook and shook, saying to all things—"no, no." . . .

The wind, the master piper, whistled his eternal tedium through the chimney. . . .

PAUL ELDRIDGE.

The most conspicuous example of a man who wants to do something else is he who, hired to work for the United States, devotes his entire time to the business of other nations and tries to lure America away from its ancient job of being American.

The New York Sun.

The people are deceived by names, not by things.

JAMES HARRINGTON. 1660.

SOCIAL CAUSES: AN ANALOGY

Much has been written in recent years of the striking analogy between the social causes of physical disease and the social causes of moral delinquency or sin. No argument, indeed, in support of the theory that the influence of an unfavorable environment is the main factor in the moral degeneracy of the individual is more convincing than that drawn from environmental influences as factors in the production of tuberculosis, typhoid fever, infant mortality, etc. Just as bad sanitation, indecent housing, exhausting labor, slums, tenements, and the other thousand and one ills of poverty break a man physically, so it is argued that these same social conditions break a man spiritually. And the argument is driven home with the logical conclusion that, just as you can banish the larger part of infectious and pestilential disease by cleaning streets, inspecting homes, and above all providing an adequate living wage, so you can banish the larger part of vice and sin by exactly the same methods of social change. Injustice breeds poverty, poverty breeds misery, and misery breeds both sickness and immorality. So, *per contra*, justice breeds prosperity, prosperity breeds comfort, and comfort breeds health and virtue. The individual, in the majority of cases, is as sound in body and soul as society will permit. The physical and spiritual condition of the citizens of a nation is the soundest possible measure of that nation's attainments in the field of social justice.

Such is the analogy as superficially expressed. It is persuasive just as it stands—but a thousand times more persuasive when investigated in its details and thus revealed in its fundamentals!

Previous to the modern era of medical and surgical practice in which we are now living—which means substantially any portion of the indefinite period antedating the stupendous labors and marvelous discoveries of Louis Pasteur—disease was universally explained and treated as having its origin inside the organism of the individual affected. This doctrine was made to apply not only to such ailments as are largely local and temporal in character, but, also, incredible as it may now seem, to the great pestilential ills of cholera, typhoid fever and tuberculosis, to the hideous infections following upon amputations and incisions, and to the devastating puerperal fever which was for so many ages the besetting scourge of maternity.

Back of this conception, of course, was the great doctrine of spontaneous generation, which is as ancient at least as the speculations of the Greeks and as modern as the researches of Bastian; but of this philosophical and scientific background to our medical theory, it is not necessary in this place to inquire. Suffice it to say that the explanation of every ulcer, every corrupted tissue, every diseased organism, every ravaging plague, was found at this time right inside the physical limits of the patient. Virulence, it was said, is spontaneous, producing suddenly, without warning, within the bodies of men and animals, contagious and infectious elements and thus originating diseases afterwards propagated under identical shapes. As one distinguished physician, Le Fort, put it in controversy with Pasteur, "I believe in the *interiority* of the principle of purulent infection." In other words, the individual's organism is constitutionally at fault. The secret of his disease is his own physical corruption.

This explanation of the origin of disease determined very exactly, of course, the prevailing methods of healing. In the medical treatment of disease, for example, no attention was paid to physical surroundings or contacts, or indeed anything whatsoever in the environment of the patient; and in the same way in surgery, no attention was paid to the con-

dition of instruments, bandages, or operating-rooms. These matters, being purely external in character, were of no concern. Not even the disease or the wound was of specific importance. It was the individual that must be noted, his sources of weakness found, his innate corruption healed. "It is not the disease, an abstract being, which we have to treat," said Piorry, another conspicuous opponent of Pasteur, "but the patient whom we must study with the greatest care by all the physical, chemical and clinical means which science offers!" Hence such monstrous practises as blood-letting, for example, which seems to have been based on the correlative ideas that as blood is the source of life, tainted blood must be the source of diseased life, and that therefore if sufficient blood be drawn off from the body the trouble must be essentially removed or overcome.

Now all this nonsense, as we would describe it today, both of theory and practice, was ended forever by the epoch-making researches of the great Pasteur. It is needless to recite again the immortal story of his discovery, in the familiar fact of fermentation, of the origin of this phenomena in external and corrupting organisms, and his gradual development of this idea into the germ theory of disease. Step by step he proceeded from fermentation of wines and beers, to the famous silk-worm plague in southern France, charbon or splenic fever so destructive of sheep and cattle, chicken-cholera, puerperal fever, septicaemia and purulent infections, and at last to hydrophobia and the bubonic plague—and everywhere marked out and demonstrated the triumphant extension of his doctrine of microbes as the cause of physical ill. In contrast to Le Fort's principle of *interiority*, Pasteur boldly set forth the opposite principle of *exteriority*—by which he meant that disease had its origin not in the individual patient at all, but in the infinitesimally small animalculae, variously called bacteria or microbes or germs, which infect the air, pounce upon any chance opening into the organism, and straightway begin their fatal work. Not in the individual, in other words, but in the environment, is the trouble.

At the bottom of Pasteur's revolutionary conception, of course, was his emphatic rejection of the ancient dogma of spontaneous generation. By a series of marvelously effective experiments, continued over a period of twenty or more years, Pasteur satisfied himself, as he has since satisfied the world, that spontaneous generation was impossible—that no form of life, however simple, came suddenly into being of its own accord—that each and every form of life sprang from some earlier forms of life, and only from such forms! But here in the blood of the charbonic sheep, or the gangrenous wound of the surgical patient, or the flaming tissue of the puerperal victim in the maternity hospital, are living microscopic organisms which are proved to be the seat of the particular trouble in each case! Where, now, can they have originated, if not in the organism itself, save in the infected fodder of the sheep, the unclean instrument of the surgeon, or the careless hand of the obstetrician? And directing his microscope to the environment with its infinitely varied factors, Pasteur found there organisms by the millions swarming in the air, enveloping the ground, filling the water, clustering on the operating-table, crowding into the bandages, and mounting the hands of surgeon and nurse. Here was the secret revealed. We are beset without by myriad foes, ready to devour us if they have a chance.

Long and bitter was Pasteur's fight to establish his great discovery—but success at last came. And with this absolute shifting of the source of disease from the *interiority* of the patient to the *exteriority* of the germ-crowded environment,

came a complete revolution in the science of healing, both medical and surgical. In general this revolution has expressed itself in two methods of combating physical ills, the development of each of which is still in its infancy, comparatively speaking, in our time.

In the first place, where it is difficult or impossible to cleanse the environment and thus destroy the microbic infection, every endeavor is made to purify and strengthen the individual organism that its power of resistance to attack from without may be raised to, and maintained at, the highest point of efficiency. This is the explanation of the whole modern movement of personal hygiene, which lays such emphasis upon cleanliness, preservation of the teeth, physical exercise, refreshing sleep, periods of rest and recreation, pure air, nourishing food, and so on. It is probable that every man is carrying around with him, in various parts of his organism, all sorts of microbes which are picked up from the vagrant dust of even the best environment. Whether these sources of infection shall find permanent lodgment and thus be able to enter upon their destructive work depends very largely upon whether the man's blood is pure, his circulation good, his digestion sound, his nerves steady. Hence the importance of building up that inward resistance to external attack which constitutes so large a part of modern medical activity.

A modification of this process is seen in the practise of vaccination—an artificial method of combating those exceptional and peculiarly virulent infections which a natural condition of good health is unable to overcome. First discovered by Jenner in the case of small-pox, vaccination was speedily adopted by Pasteur and his disciples, and by them revised and indefinitely extended. Thus was hen-cholera fought, and charbon, and hydrophobia—and now, as the recent instance of our own day, typhoid fever. The application of this practise is different in different cases, but the principle is the same. Behind it is always the ultimate purpose of putting the individual in such a condition of physical immunity that he will be able to resist the attacks of the infecting organisms of the environment.

Much more fundamental and therefore important, however, is the second method of combating disease, which followed upon the discoveries of Pasteur—namely, that of a direct attempt to destroy the microbes and thus cleanse the environment of its sources of infection. The best illustration of this endeavor, of course, is the marvelous antiseptic and aseptic precautions of modern surgery, first developed by Lister, in Edinburgh. In essence these were nothing more than a relentless practising of the preaching of Pasteur, who had said, "If I had the honor of being a surgeon, convinced as I am of the dangers caused by the germs of microbes scattered on the surface of every object, . . . not only would I use absolutely clean instruments, but, after cleansing my hands with the greatest care, . . . I would only make use of knives, bandages and sponges which had previously been raised to a heat of 130° C. to 150° C. . . . And (even then) I would still have to fear the germs suspended in the atmosphere." Exactly the same method is seen, in principle at least, and on an indefinitely extended scale, in the medical campaigns against such pestilences as the bubonic plague, cholera and yellow fever, which consist simply in cleansing a whole community as the surgeon cleanses his knife or a nurse her bandages. And a still further extension of this same idea is seen in the modern fight against tuberculosis, which consists of an assault all along the line upon such breeding places of the tubercle bacilli as sunless and airless tenements, dust-laden factories and filthy slums. In all these cases, we have a consistent attempt to regenerate the environment, so that it may be a source not of disease but health. In exact reversal of Piorry's statement quoted above, it is not the patient whom we

treat, but the disease—or, more exactly, the springs of the disease which are located not in the individual at all but in the infectious organisms developed outside of the individual by a neglected and dirty world.

Such, in some detail, is the revolution which has taken place within half a century in the theory and practice of medicine—and such are the fundamentals of what we know today as the social theory of disease! And now is not our analogy between disease and sin—physical corruption and moral corruption—an infinitely more impressive thing than we even imagined when we saw it simply in its more superficial aspects? See how close is the comparison throughout!

Just as disease was explained in the old days as originating in the individual *per se*, so also was sin. The dogma of "spontaneous virulence" in the medical and surgical field has its exact counterpart in the dogma of total depravity or original sin in the theological world. If anything went wrong morally, the source of the ill was sought exclusively in the corrupted heart of the sinner, just as the source of physical ill was sought exclusively in the spontaneously diseased body of the invalid. The physician of the body before Pasteur never thought of such a thing as believing that the individual organism was perfectly sound in itself, and that, if it became infected, therefore, it was the victim of active centres of contagion in the external world. And in the same way the physician of the soul never thought of assuming that the individual heart was naturally sound and pure and good, and that, if it became degraded, therefore, it was the victim of active centres of moral contagion in the surrounding environment. At the bottom of the whole traditional doctrine of the origin of sin, exactly as at the bottom of the whole traditional doctrine of the origin of disease, was simply and solely the theory of *interiority*.

This entire theological point of view is now being withdrawn, however, by an onswEEPing revolution of thought identical in every way with the revolution consummated by Pasteur in the medical world. The doctrine of "spontaneous generation" is as dead ethically as it is chemically. Today we feel it to be well nigh as impossible for sin to originate spontaneously out of the innate depravity of the human heart as for disease to originate spontaneously out of the innate corruption of the human flesh. Both these ideas are perversions. If we want to find the sources of immorality and degeneracy, vice and crime, let us look where Pasteur taught the world to look for the sources of fermentation, infection, and pestilential contagion—to the conditions of the environment. *Exteriority* and not *interiority* is the true doctrine of causation in the one field as in the other. If a person is bad it is ordinarily because the world has never given him a chance—because he has been born in poverty, trained in misery, denied adequate food and shelter, robbed of uplifting and redeeming influences. Look at our juvenile delinquents, and see the slums from which they come! Study the history of our degenerates and criminals, and note the economic conditions of both their heredity and their environment. Who are our gunmen, but the vile brood of gutters, back-alleys and filthy tenements? Who are our prostitutes, but the helpless spawn of ignorance, neglect, and indecent wages? Who are the unhappy and wretched generally, but those whom society has robbed, enslaved, exploited, and then left to perish in soul as well as body? If these swarming thousands are sick, it is because they have been forced to live in tenements and cellars, and been denied sunlight, fresh air, nourishing food, and rest. If they are inefficient and thus unemployed and vagrant, it is because they have been neglected by an indifferent and disordered society. If they are poor, it is because they have been robbed of the full product of their labor. If they are insane, it is because they have been worked to the point of exhaustion and denied recreation and inspiration. If they are criminal,

it is because society has abused them and hunted them and outlawed them, until, like cornered rats, they tear and rend the hand that is lifted against them. If they are crippled physically, mentally, morally, it is because society has bound them on the wheel of greed and deliberately broken them. Everywhere the story is the same—the helpless individual destroyed by the repressive and corruptive influences of the environment. Social injustice, in other words, has its swarming microbes, as well as the atmosphere we breathe, the water we drink, and the earth we tread. It is the world, and not the individual, which is primarily at fault.

It is this new principle of social causation which is today revolutionizing our theory of sin as Pasteur's new principle of *exteriority* revolutionized our theory of disease. And now, in the former case as in the latter, we are seeing, as a result of this theoretical upheaval, a complete transformation of our practise of healing.

First of all, we are understanding with new conviction the importance of fortifying the individual against the insidious corruptions of the environment. Thus do we strive to create a condition of psychological immunity by the method of mental, moral and religious education, just as we strive to create a condition of physical immunity by the method of personal hygiene. Knowledge may not be virtue in the bold Socratic form of that doctrine, as vaccination, for example, is certainly not health. But it is true, nevertheless, that, in both cases, to build up inside the individual a condition of defense against the external perils of the world, is to render those more or less innocuous.

Beyond this, however, in the moral as in the physical world, is the one great fundamental task of cleansing the environment of its microbic infections. Here the analogy is absolute. If ever we are to conquer sin, we must redeem the environment—establish just conditions of life and labor—give to all men the opportunity of "life more abundant." If ever we are to save our slum populations from moral decay and spiritual atrophy, we must not merely educate and redeem the individual men and women concerned, but first and foremost, wipe out the slum. If ever we are to save the little children who crowd our juvenile courts, we must not merely punish, teach and inspire the separate offenders, but we must change their gutters into playgrounds, their tenement abodes into homes of light, their wretched pleasures into wholesome recreations. If ever we are to save our drunkards, prostitutes and gunmen, we must not only rear mission-houses, rescue stations and reformatories, but control the saloons, abolish commercialized vice, extirpate unemployment, destroy poverty.

The whole issue today, in the work of saving the individual—to use the traditional theological phrase—is shifted from the inner to the outer world. Our task, as a physician himself has recently put it, is "to drain the reeking swamps of illiteracy and immorality and convert them into clean, wholesome and productive fields of intelligence and high morality—in other words, to make the opportunities of men, by means of the square deal, more nearly equal for substantial, educational and moral development, if not for the higher ranges of the fine arts and the sciences." Give these myriads of the lazy, the poor, the inefficient, the drunk, the pauperized, the vagrant, the degenerate, the criminal, the insane, a chance from childhood up. Open wide to them the doors of opportunity. Share with them the favors now granted only to the favored few. Strike from their limbs the chains of an unjust economic system. Train their hands that they may be skilled and their minds that they may be quick. Give them for their labor all and not merely a part of what their labor is worth. Make it possible for them to live in houses that are decent, in streets that are clean, in cities that are uncongested. Free them from the bondage of excessive hours of toil and the peril of industrial accident and disease. Shelter their old age and foster them in their

hours of misfortune. Treat them as brothers, not as bondsmen—as comrades, not as labor-units—as fellowmen, not as pack-animals or machines. Believe in them, trust them, love them, emancipate them, co-operate with them. This do, and behold—from such an environment of justice the moral ills of life will vanish, even as the physical ills now vanish from an environment of purity. What we need is not better men, but a better society! What men want is not a change, but a chance! "Sin," says Prof. Simon N. Patten, "is a consequence of misery. Remove misery, and sin will disappear. It has no existence apart from the misery that bad conditions create. . . . Sin, misery, poverty (are) one problem. All three can be wiped out by changes in industrial conditions."

Such is our analogy! "Analogies," said Pasteur at one time, in passionate defense of the experimental methods as the only safe road to truth, "analogies prove nothing!" But—they suggest much!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THREE POEMS

LEGENDE.

The tossing loneliness of many nights
Rounds off my memory of her.
Like a shell surrendered to evening sands,
Yet called adrift again at every dawn,
She has become a pathos,—
Waif of the tides.

The sand and the sea have had their way,
And moons of spring and autumn,—
All, save I.
And even my vision will be erased
As a cameo the waves claim again.

INTERIOR.

It is a shy solemnity,
This lamp in our small room.
O grey and gold amenity,—
Silence and gentle gloom!

Wide from the world, a stolen hour
We claim, and none may know
How love blooms like a tardy flower
Here in the curtained glow.

And even should the world break in
With jealous threat and guile,
The world, at last, must bow and win
Our pity and a smile.

NORTH LABRADOR.

A land of leaning ice
Hugged by plaster-grey arches of sky,
Flings itself silently
Into eternity.

"Has no one come here to win you,
Or left you with the faintest blush
Upon your glittering breasts?
Have you no memories, O Darkly Bright?"

Cold-hushed, there is only the shifting of moments
That journey toward no Spring—
No birth, no death, no time nor sun
In answer.

HART CRANE.

AN APPEAL TO THE LABOR CONFERENCE

The Boston police strike is now to all intents ended; the dead are buried, the injured, let us hope, are in a fair way to recovery, and, with the coming of the steel strike and new race riots in Omaha, public attention has turned to other things. But the fundamental issue raised in Boston—the right of civil employes to affiliate and strike—still remains, and the entire question is to be reopened by the White House conference of October 6th in the consideration of the case of the affiliated Washington police. Until the problem is finally solved we live in constant danger of renewed outbreaks.

President Wilson denounced the Boston strike as "a crime against civilization," in which, doubtless, he was quite correct. But he tactfully refrained from mentioning the crime of civilization *against* the Boston police. Had the City of Boston by a stroke of the pen cut the wages of its police in half, and had the police then "downed uniforms" in a fit of righteous rage, we should have heard less of the criminality of the police and more of the criminal foolhardiness of the City of Boston. But let the City of Boston sit idly by, for all the world as if they thought that their police ate, drank, and clothed themselves in gold, while their real wages in meat, bread and broadcloth were cut almost precisely in half by rising prices, and their despairing alliance with the organization which more than any other has prevented such veiled wage-cuts in other occupations becomes an outward and visible sign of an utter inward depravity.

President Wilson, had he been so minded, might have continued his remarks on the crimes of civilization by pointing out that it could have been only the highest sense of duty, nay, almost a desire for martyrdom, that has kept some 70,000 other policemen, 40,000 firemen, and 600,000 school teachers at their posts, and prevented them under equal provocation from adopting similar desperate means of redress.

The index numbers published by *Bradstreet's*, *The Annalist*, and the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics indicate a rise in the cost of living from January 1st, 1916, to September 1st, 1919, of nearly 80 per cent. During the same period the pay of the Boston policemen was not increased by 1 per cent. Nor had the wages of the Cincinnati police been raised until their strike this spring, when even as the result of that strike, they received only 12½ per cent increase. In New York, until the threatened unionization of all city employes, the increase of police pay during the past three years and a half had been but 20 per cent; in Washington about 30 per cent. Nor have the increases been greater in other parts of the country. The consequence has been strikes in Cincinnati, Boston and Macon, threatened strikes at other points and the affiliation of the police unions of forty cities with the American Federation of Labor.

The wage statistics of fire departments in forty-four representative cities tell a similar tale—an average increase in three years of 16 per cent. But in this case the consequences of such criminal foolhardiness have been even more startling; the firemen of 157 cities have through the "International Association of Firefighters" affiliated themselves with the A. F. of L.

A single instance will suffice for school teachers: Between the years of 1912 and 1919, while living cost was advancing by more than 100 per cent, the salaries of the teachers of the State of New York were raised by exactly 2 per cent and the bill which has now passed the state legislature in opposition to the wishes of the School Board provides for an increase of either 16 per cent or 32 per cent, depending on the interpretation given it by the hostile board. But

even this totally inadequate increase is to be spread out over a period of three years. The consequence of such treatment has been the springing up of non-affiliated Teachers' Unions throughout the country.

Meanwhile the average rise in wages for the various manufacturing industries of the country has been about 75 per cent. The wonder is not that public servants everywhere have organized, affiliated, struck, but that any remain to serve their country.

From all the turmoil and confusion of the present situation two facts emerge inescapably:

First, the utter inability of popularly elected governments to meet a period of rapidly rising prices with a continuous and parallel readjustment of their employes' salaries by the established method of separately voted wage-increases. The tardy voting of inadequate increases after these employes have been goaded well nigh into revolt by months or years of deprivation and hardship merely obscures the fundamental fact.

Secondly, the impossibility and absurdity of denying to public servants the right to organize, affiliate, and strike unless alternative means of redress especially adapted to their peculiar position is provided.

On the other hand, no sincere well-wisher of American labor will welcome the creation of even an incipient *imperium in imperio* through the affiliation of civil employes, particularly the firemen and the police, with national labor organizations. Such an alliance would play directly into the hands of the reactionaries and enemies of labor in this country by providing them with a weapon of fruitful propaganda in regard to the revolutionary intent of the unions, would consolidate uniformed public opinion firmly against all measures tending towards a peaceful solution of our social problems, and so make irreparable the breach between our classes. Even those optimists who hold with Jefferson that a little revolution now and then may be a very healthful thing cannot but stand aghast before the vistas of possible prematurity which such affiliation opens.

Confronted with this dilemma, popular agitation directed to merely bringing the wages of civil servants back to their former level is useful and necessary, but hopelessly inadequate, for it leaves unrecognized and unbroached the fundamental problem. Not only must the former level be restored, but measures must be taken to prevent the otherwise inevitable recurrence of the present situation at some future date when class feeling will to all appearances run even higher than at the present moment.

The only plausible solution lies in the direction of an "index wage" which automatically readjusts itself periodically to the changing price level, and so assures the worker of the same amount of enjoyable commodities in return for his labor regardless of the fluctuations of the market. Index numbers upon which the "index wage" is based are calculated monthly from the current prices of articles of common consumption by the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, by the various state departments of labor, and by such financial journals as *Bradstreet's*, *Dunn's*, and *The Annalist*. Their calculation requires a mathematical knowledge of no greater profundity than grammar school arithmetic, and their verification is easy.

Starting from a wage recognized as just by both the community and the civil employe, the index wage is recalculated at the beginning of each fiscal year on the basis of the new price level established during the preceding six months. Thus if the cost of living has increased during that period by 20 per cent, the new year's wage will be increased by

just that amount. In this manner it is possible to determine at the beginning of each fiscal year the exact wage expenditure which will have to be made during the succeeding twelve months, and taxes can be adjusted accordingly. The simple voting of the budget by the proper representative body then confirms the increased or decreased wage.

The suggestion of an index wage is not new, but the situation which imperatively demands its adoption is. At various times in the past economists and social reformers have proposed to apply it to all industries and occupations. Against this proposal it has been tellingly argued that insofar as high prices are due in part to real scarcity as well as to inflation, the adoption of the index wage would defeat the one utility of high prices, and so make necessary a permanent rationing system; and, secondly, that for industry in general automatically changing wages would introduce an unpredictable element in the cost of production, and so make contracts untenable. The determining factor in the attitude of the business man and manufacturer, however, has been that, as a class, the employer is not averse to the lag of wages behind advancing prices, for it is this lag which gives to periods of rising prices their rosy hue of prosperity.

But to the case of civil employes such objections are inapplicable: The number of public servants is too small to seriously affect the necessary check on consumption; tax calculations are made not for a period of indefinite length, but for the current fiscal year, and consequently no unpredictable element is introduced by the annual index wage, and, finally, the community presumably has no desire to enrich itself through the plundering of its employes.

Nor can it be objected that because of its automatic operation it would prove a stumbling block to any further increase in real wages. Rather the contrary, for the recent past has been distinguished by a gradual rise of prices which has absorbed and made illusory most wage increases. Any increase of the index wage, on the contrary, will be a real increase and not a mere pleasant illusion.

The index wage is a declaration of good faith and fair dealing between the community and its employes, a disavowal of all willingness or intent to take a niggardly advantage of rising prices to reduce their real wages, a guarantee that regardless of governmental red tape and petty political parsimony their wages will always be such as to provide them with food, clothing, heat, and house accommodation of a fixed quantity and quality. Men thus honestly dealt with will not affiliate or strike. Recourse to such means of redress is made unnecessary by the abolition of the need of redress.

J. ADAMS EMERY.

The knowledge that is got without pains, is kept without pleasure.

GEORGE SAVILLE, 1693.

To oppose a favorite prejudice is to risk odium if you succeed, and contempt if you fail.

RICHARD DUPPA, 1830.



THE CHILD AND THE MAN

Once upon a time a man and a child lived in a castle beside the sea. The man had built this castle by the toil of many years; but the child had made it beautiful in a single day. And because of this, although the man's shoulders were bowed and his hair was turning grey, his face reflected the child's smile and his laugh echoed the child's laugh—like moonlight following sunlight; like shadows following day.

Often of an evening they would sit silently side by side on the battlements of this castle, and watch the sleepy soldiers of the sea stealing on so stealthily in their everlasting war against the land. Out of the unknown, under a shimmering silver mist, they came; and the child, looking upwards at the moon, would cry: "See their general on the mountain-top! He tells them what to do, doesn't he, father?"

And the man would start at the touch of a memory long since dead; his face would brighten, for a moment, like the child's; and he would cry in joyous tones: "Yes, he is their general, and he tells them what to do." Then suddenly his eyes would darken, and, looking away from the child, he would mutter: "Science teaches us that the moon has control over the tides, my son."

But the child cared nothing for science—no, he loved the world too much for that, the beautiful world of dreams. It was his nursery, full of imaginative toys; and each night he told the man about the moon, so white and ghostly—about the stars, that the Dawn picked up as she stole across the sky—about the wild Wind who, screaming, tore out handfuls of her hair and threw it into the sea—hair, that the fishermen called sea-weed, floating in upon the tide.

And, smiling sadly, the man listened to the child and felt that he was growing old—yes, very old. Sometimes, it is true, he seemed to see what the child saw; sometimes a flash of lightning illumined the land of imagination—illumined it but for an instant, and then quickly died away.

And so it came to pass that the man realized his work was finished; that his pen could no longer conjure up new pictures of the brain; that his day of song was over, and that it could never, never come again. And knowing this, he felt very tired and cold, and turned to the child for warmth, as the old invariably turn toward a living flame. His eyes said to the sea, to the moon, to the stars: "Here rests my lost soul—my poor dumb soul that stole away from me before I had given it a proper voice. This child has it in his breast, and he shall sing."

So the man sent the child away from the castle by the sea. He sent him to a school where everything was taught but beauty; to a university where man is made an educated animal like his fellow men. And it came to pass that, when the child was a grown man he returned to the castle and sat in the old spot, looking at the sleepy, sonorous sea quivering beneath a silver rain of arrows from the moon. Then the father, with the remembrance of other days strong upon him, pointed upwards to the sky and cried: "See the general seated on his chariot of clouds! He directs the battle from afar, does he not, my son?"

And at this the young man, who had been the child of earlier days, looked up at the moon with a peculiarly learned air. "It's a scientific fact, father," he said, "that——"

But here he broke off with a cry of horror, for the father had fallen off the battlements into the sea.

TOD ROBBINS.

The point is not in making laws. We make them in a continuous torrent. Laws, however, are worth just what the men who apply them are worth.

ENRIQUE JOSE VARONA.

STACKING THE CARDS

In recognizing the strike as ultimate arbiter of industrial disputes, and by supporting a social order of which the strike forms as integral a part as the courts of law, the American people have incurred the position of a neutral third party whose obligation it is to ensure through the police power that all strikes be fairly conducted. In cases where the public interest is paramount, as in a coal or transportation strike, the government may rightfully intervene to bring about a more rapid settlement. But in the absence of such formal intervention the deviation of the public from a position of strict neutrality is tantamount to a declaration of class war.

In the present steel strike the weight of public authority has been thrown almost completely into the scale against the strikers. It is axiomatic that a long strike can only be maintained in virtue of the enthusiasm generated by mass meetings and street agitation, and pressure brought to bear on non-strikers by means of regularly established pickets. Yet in Pittsburgh, Farrell, Glassport, Homestead, Braddock, Clairton, McKeesport, and Duquesne, the heart of the steel industry,—recognized by both sides as the decisive battlefield—mass meeting, street agitation and picketting were prohibited by public authority. Three or more persons foregathering on the street, or in a doorway, or in any public place were liable to arrest. Indoor meetings in languages other than English were forbidden.

In Bethlehem Mayor Archibald Johnston, one of the vice-presidents of the Bethlehem Steel Company, issued a public proclamation which asserted that "our citizens resent being dictated to by persons not connected with our city or industries as impugning their intelligence," and therefore withdrew the right of public assemblage.

In McKeesport union organizers were arrested and charged with "disorderly conduct" because it was "suspected" that "they intended holding a mass meeting." Such a silent strike has the same chances of success as a deaf-mute in a political campaign.

This abrogation of the rights of public assembly and free speech is defended on the ground that in a strike of such magnitude the immense crowds gathered at mass meetings would in the white heat of passion become uncontrollable mobs. But, evidently, the controllability of a mob depends not alone on the size of the crowd, but on the number of police available to keep it under control; and the toleration by the government of such huge concerns as the United States Steel Corporation, employing thousands of men in a single plant, demands the provision against a strike of sufficient police power to permit the exercise of the right of assembly on a corresponding scale.

An adequate police force can take up a neutral stand, repressing the use of force and intimidation by strikers and employes alike, but an inadequate force, through its sheer inadequacy is necessarily pressed into the service of the corporations against the strikers. Such inadequacy, if it exists, I should regard not alone as wilful, but chiefly willed by the Steel Corporation itself.

For a community to so fail in its manifest duty that the plea of uncontrollability has an appearance of validity is to infringe on the powers of the workmen in large industries to strike, and to declare in favor of the large corporations in any dispute which they may have with their employes. It is tantamount to the adoption by the government of a settled and wilful policy of industrial discrimination and injustice.

It is such events as the steel strike which justify the dictum of the English Guild Socialists that "Industrial power precedes political power," and which has led in England to a revolutionary movement whose goal is the seizure of the tools of industry by the workers. In the face of labor's

most recent experience of "political power" the *logic* of the Guild Socialist contention is unassailable, and a public opinion which permits of such experiences does more to foment revolutionary sentiment in the United States than all the so-called Bolshevist agitators put together.

J. ADAMS EMERY.

ON YOUTH

If, in some way, the flood of life is checked in the direction of pleasure, then it bursts forth in another—in the direction of ideals; then we say that the boy is radical.

Youth's thirst for experience is simply that it wants to be everything, do everything and have everything that is presented to its imagination.

The great paradox is that it is the sleek and easy who are prematurely and permanently old. Struggle brings youth rather than old age.

It seems so much better, as well as more natural, to expose one's self to the full fury of the spiritual elements, keeping only one purpose in view—to be strong and sincere—than to pick one's way cautiously along.

Prudence is really a hateful thing in youth. A prudent youth is prematurely old.

Youth, therefore, has no right to be humble.

Youth rules the world, but only when it is no longer young. It is a tarnished, travestied youth that is in the saddle in the person of middle age.

Press, pulpit, and bar teem with the radicalisms of thirty years ago.

The ideas of the young are the living, the potential ideas; those of the old, the dying, or the already dead.

Youth puts the remorseless questions to everything that is old and established,—Why? What is this thing good for?

Our elders are always optimistic in their views of the present, pessimistic in their views of the future; youth is pessimistic toward the present and gloriously hopeful for the future.

A muddle of a world and a wide outlook combine to inspire us to the bravest of radicalisms.

The whole philosophy of youth is summed up in the word, Dare! Take chances and you will attain!

To keep one's reactions warm and true, is to have found the secret of perpetual youth, and perpetual youth is salvation.

RANDOLPH BOURNE.

That French minister who said beatifically: "At this instant all the children of France are repeating the same lesson," was worthy of a colossal wooden statue, à la Hindenburg, to which every one of the children idiotised by his great system would go to drive a nail.

ENRIQUE JOSE VARONA.

WOLF'S-BANE AND MANDRAGORA

An Introductory Essay on John Cowper Powys

"Is it not grotesque that I should still have the illusion—it is not an illusion to me—that I have the power to write really important and original poetry? Should I not have done so already, if I were destined to do so? Probably I should; but to the end of my life I shall, in secret, hug and cherish this pathetic conceit. Yes, I shall hug and cherish it; for, let them say what they will, there is a certain thrilling sense of magical power that sometimes sweeps over me, as if from the shores of Lost Atlantis, promising things beyond the vision of hope."

So writes John Cowper Powys in his *Confessions*, that marvelously skilled vivisection of his strange psychology. And the judicious note that his power to write penetrating verse is not an illusion to them, either, and that already he has poured forth magic from Lost Atlantis.

In America the man is known by his lectures on literature, philosophy, and the main world-currents. The following phenomena are familiar to us. As a lanky figure, enveloped by a Cambridge gown, strides through a little side door into the auditorium, the hum of drawing-room, kitchen, and street reminiscences ceases instantly as though a conjuror had waved a wand commanding silence. Even the dullest wait in excited expectancy. Then applause breaks forth, a gentleman introduces Mr. John Cowper Powys, Oxford University Extension Lecturer, and for an hour the speaker holds the audience literally wrapt by a discourse on some great writer. The next day there is a run on the book shops and libraries for that particular author's volumes. It has been said that Powys hypnotizes his listeners. Perhaps. I find it difficult to analyze his peculiar appeal and to explain how it is he drives people to read or re-read books they never would otherwise. For me it is the unique spectacle of an amazing personality which fascinates—an extraordinary personality which he has himself sketched.

"And there seems to emerge from it all, for me at least, the image of a nervous, timid, morbid, but, at the same time, reckless figure; a figure full of quaint anxiety to be loved and admired, but utterly unable to love or admire itself; a figure troubled and perverted by strange obsessions; a figure blinded by obstinate pride, yet crippled by ridiculous humility; a figure grotesque and comic, but not devoid of elements of forlorn distinction; a figure fleeing across an interminable desert to escape from the shadow of itself; a figure half-dead and atrophied, yet responsive as a reed to celestial harmonies; a figure driven forward by Fate, yet pathetically seeking to love the Fate that drives it; a figure fettered and bound by sensual infirmity, yet mocking with subtle derision every ideal that would liberate it; a figure struggling beneath the burden of its wretched contradictions, yet looking for no issue from its dilemma, save in the narcotic power of critical analysis and the obliterating power of death.

"For out of the ghastliness of the historic cataclysms which surround us now, there must sooner or later be a return to the cultivation of our own particular gardens; and my 'garden of oblivion,' until I die, can be nothing else—of that, at least, I am sure—than the memory of great men and the interpretation of their labors."

Mr. Powys' appearance is equally arresting with his psychology. You see at once that this tall, loosely-hung individual belongs to the rarest of aristocracies—that he is an aristocrat of culture. His nose, the best shaped nose I have ever seen, and his long, delicate, flexible hands could belong only to a person of refined discrimination, while his love of an inactivity receptive to exquisite sensations is denoted by

his mild blue eyes and thoughtful receding mouth. One would never guess he lived on an invalid's diet, due to an unfortunate ulcer of the stomach; he looks like a carefully shaved, well groomed Epicure of forty who practises expertly the art of eating and drinking. He possesses furthermore a pleasant voice with a thrilling power of emphasis on certain words, still further enhanced by unconventional but most appropriate gestures. His friend, Louis Wilkinson, has given us a fairly reliable portrait of him in the character, Jack Welsh, in his novel, *The Buffoon*. Such, in very brief, is the way the man looks, who, besides his *Confessions*, has written two very subtle novels, two volumes of inspired critical essays, the best discussion of the recent war and culture, an unusual list of one hundred best books, and two thin books of poetry—*Wolf's-Bane* (1916) and *Mandragora* (1917).

Wolf's-Bane and *Mandragora*! How well he has chosen his titles.

"No, no, go not to Lethe, neither twist

Wolf's-bane, tight rooted, for its poisonous wine,"

wrote Keats, while Shakespeare has Cleopatra call out, "Give me to drink mandragora," that she might sleep out the absence of Antony. For Powys has dug up the tight roots of things and from them has brewed many a quaint or bitter or clarifying drink—drinks that poison and drug the consciousness until, lo, one acquires a preternatural vision and insight which sees too clearly, far too clearly, for timid souls. One reads these poems of disappointment, of disillusion, of murdered love, of world-weariness, of skepticism, of yearning for unrealized beauties, poignant and clairvoyant, expressed in moving rhythms, and the illusions of life, like Omar's Leaves of Life, keep falling one by one. In the end with Powys we envisage the world as a gigantic Temple of Pain through which float from time to time mad, lovely, and thrilling sensations which we should ensnare. Such sensations are our only compensation; therefore on a Schopenhauerian base build an Epicurean superstructure. For when we leave the Temple of Pain, we leave it for complete oblivion, he tells us with the satisfaction of the weary one. Thus drinking of *Wolf's-Bane* and *Mandragora*, we sink back on the broad stream of Fate and murmur, murmur always, "All is equal: nothing matters. All is equal: nothing matters." That is, nothing matters except fine sensations. Though we live in hell, let us at least carry flowers with us.

With Flowers in Our Hands

Come let us walk thro' their burning hell
With flowers in our hands!
With flowers in our hands let us walk there,
And see what power that evil air,
That evil air and those burning hours,
Have to hurt us who carry flowers!

Of course, the optimistic breed could hardly fail to be strongly arraigned by this pessimist of a sensationalist

Optimism

You who boast you're an optimist,
May the leprosy of the Jews
Wither your flesh for the truths you've missed
And the cozening lies you use!

One little child, tender and weak,
Hurt by life's devil's-wheel
Should make you blush thro' your bowels sleek,
But you are not worthy to feel.

As long as the smallest one
Of earth's children by pain is riven,
As long as one cry goes up under the sun,
God must not be forgiven!

He does not forgive Himself,
The rain in the night is his prayer,
From the cross, from the cross, he forgives such pelf
As *you*—who hung Him there!

Turning to his positive Epicureanism, we get a succinct voicing of it in *The Hour*:

Come let us take this hour and hold it up
While our stars shine,
Leaving our joy untouched, as in a cup—
Of unspilt wine;
Then, though the deluge break and we be driven
Into the grave,
Like gods unto the gods we shall have given
The gift they gave.

I shall make three divisions of his poetry—poems on love, poems on death, and poems which illustrate the grotesque uniqueness of this man's soul.

Love has its ecstasies and its maddening tortures. It is the latter which Powys sings. Love has its fulfilments and its grievous disappointments. It is the latter Powys sings. Love has its births and its cruel murders. It is the latter Powys sings.

In the beautiful *Flute-Player* he has told the difference which love makes:

One look and never the same again
Are the roses on the wall;
One look and forever the midnight rain
With a different sound must fall!

And in *A Question* he expresses a love less troubled and more sublimated than is his customary mood:

What do I want of you? You fill
The air about me with delight.
A power stronger than my will
Draws me towards you day and night.
And yet I do not ask to press
Even your hand in a caress.

Your presence vague and nebulous
Moves with me as I cross the street;
Your sweetness like an angelus
Makes holy ground beneath my feet.
In every lovely form I pass
You shape yourself as in a glass.

What do I want of you? I see
Your other lovers pine to drain
The passion of your ecstasy
In kisses desperate as rain,
And yet, although I am not blind,
Not to that harbour steers my mind.

What do I want of you? God knows!
I only know it is too high,
Too rare a venture to disclose,
Save to the vast and starless sky.
Nothing I want, yet when we meet,
I think the world hears my heart beat.

Far more prominent, however, are poems like *They Say*:

They say the sky is azure fair,
I do not know;
They say the spring is in the air,
It may be so.
They say the crimson-throated shrike
Will nest this year in Alder Dyke—
'Tis very like, 'tis very like.

* * * * *

The spring? Oh, God, in heaven above,
Let the spring go—give me my Love!

One feels all the time that Powys' insatiable penchant for sensations drives him unwillingly into distracting loves while at the base he longs for the reaction he writes about:

Oh heart, sink into yourself and rally
The old fierce strength of your lonely mood.

How does the fierce strength of his lonely mood fare when it grapples with thoughts of death as he sits in a cemetery and imagines his bones mouldering and mingling with the honest earth-mould? Well, he has often enough wrestled with the problem: the ulcers in his stomach have seen to that. And the outcome is that he believes death to be final (any other conception spoils the dignity of death). At the end we shall be received into night, into oblivion, safe from everything. "Portions of that night we know ourselves to be." To answer Hamlet we shall sleep and there shall be no dreams. "We know too much of the ways of sleep to fear the everlasting dark." And with what glee does this Epicure with the torturing stomach and mad obsessions look forward to his obliteration!

I quote a few lines from *Requiescat in Pace*:

The end with outstretched hands
Provides the balm
That gives the slipping sands
Of time their calm.
The dark bewilders and the light entices.
The end suffices.

* * * * *

But into cool deep wells of death be hurled,
How just, how blest!
But let there be for us no after-world,
Lord of Eternal Rest!

And from *The Music of the Spheres*:

Let the Priests go aside and be dumb
With their false oracles!
Let the worst of all truth come.
It can only slay us!
And when we lie dead
With the earth on our head,
All hell may howl behind us.
It can never find us!

In talking of death it is almost necessary to consider a man's religious views. It is clear Powys does not believe in a beneficent god—has he not rejected him for the polytheistic worship of the Sun and the Moon and Saturn?

And cold on his ultimate throne
His arms hang stiff by his side
And his mouth falls open and wide,
Pitiful—frozen to stone.
His dead eyes stare from his face,
His dead hands stiffen apart
And the vultures of space
Flap screeching about his heart.

A grim enough refusal of the orthodox God. But the Christ figure as is shown by the two poems, *After Reading William Blake* and *De Profundis*, appeals to Powys even as it does to those two men whom the lecturer admires so much, Wilde and Dostoevsky. *De Profundis* may be correlated with Powys' feeling towards the church as the supreme art product the human race has produced—an emotional tour de force in a planless universe.

Thus far I have exemplified Powys as a disillusioned spirit weary of the world and longing for oblivion. It remains but to quote two poems which will enable the reader to taste the queer flavor and grotesque driving force of this man's soul as he flees on and away from the world:

The Other Side of the Moon

Out into the cool, clear air
 Where love, like music, dies behind us!
 Out of the torches' flare,
 Where lust lacks wings ever to find us!
 Out into regions where
 Hushed is the old mad tune;—
 Out into the cool clear air;
 To the other side of the moon!

And *Wayfarers*, perhaps the greatest poem he has written:

"The wind is very cold!
 Does it blow from the ultimate sea,
 Or over cities sad and old,
 Lost beyond memory?"
 So cried my heart to my soul,
 As it shivered by its side;
 But "Follow the wind—follow the wind!"
 My soul replied.

And the wind led them on and on,
 Till they came to the city of Dis;
 "Here shall we rest!" my poor heart cried,
 "Here shall we find our bliss;
 Behold, this is great Babylon!
 The Heart's Desire is this!"
 And it blessed itself and blessed my soul
 With a wicked heathen kiss.
 So cried my heart to my soul,
 As it shivered by its side,
 But "Follow the wind—follow the wind!"
 My soul replied.

And the wind led them on and on,
 Till they came to the city of God.
 "Here shall we rest!" my poor heart cried,
 And tears of blood it poured.
 "On these streets shine the sun and the moon:
 The City of God is this!"
 And it blessed itself and blessed my soul
 With a most holy kiss.
 So cried my heart to my soul,
 As it shivered by its side.
 But "Follow the wind—follow the wind!"
 My soul replied.

And the wind led them on and on
 Till they came to the City of Dreams,
 To the place where the king called "Might-have-been"
 Dwelleth with "Never-to-be," his queen,
 And all is as it seems.
 "Here shall we rest!" my poor heart cried,
 "The City of Dreams is this."
 And it blessed itself and blessed my soul
 With a wistful and weeping kiss.
 So cried my heart to my soul,
 As it shivered by its side.
 But "Follow the wind—follow the wind!"
 My soul replied.

And still they follow and follow,
 Beyond each ultimate shore;
 And Aldebaran shines behind them
 And Arcturus shines before.
 And when my poor heart murmurs,
 "When we left those gates we sinned!"
 My soul thro' the darkness answers her—
 "Follow the wind!"

And now after quoting diversely from the work of this man who has written, "*I stoop and write on the brink, Words that the wind understands*," I turn back to his *Apologia for Wolf's-Bane* and note how abundantly well he has performed even as he said he would. He speaks of "*his bitter stammered rhymes*" and asks "*what have they they can plead At the bar of the Critic-breed?*"

Nothing but this, that they,
 In their own drifting way,
 Express the soul that bred 'em.
 And it is something if verse,
 For many a priest does worse,
 Takes a man and his style to wed 'em.

In every child of earth
 There runs thro' his head from birth
 A broken stammered tune,
 The fairy-tale of his days:
 And 'tis much, if, with little to praise,
 He can mutter this to the moon.

For the little things he spied at,
 And the little things he cried at,
 Take a far-flung wistful gleam,
 And seem as they drift on the mood
 Of his verse, however crude,
 To belong to the infinite stream.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

LINES

Blind Homer was enamoured still of light,
 Of mirth and color, shaken spears and all
 The bright and glancing tumult of loud war;
 His large verse moves as moves the ceaseless sea,
 Girdling the coasts of life with glamour still.
 To Heaven's topmost height blind Milton climbed,
 And plunged his spirit-sight adown the gulfs
 As deep as nether Hell; and from the moods
 Of crowding gods and angels, devils, men
 And burly worlds that bellowed on through space,
 He wrought an austere house of song that stands
 Immortal, eminent, victorious,—
 Upheld by ebon pillars, groined with dread,
 But domed and crowned with splendors morning-
 glad . . .
 O you that sing, sing victory, or cease!
 The world rolls on from dream achieved to dream
 And 'neath the vast impersonal revenges
 Of its going, crushed fools that cried defeat
 Lie dead amid the dust they prophesied . . .
 Sing ye the struggle and the throes, but sing
 That all shall triumph who refuse to fail!
 Up, up! . . . ah, let the climbing song still mount
 On hopeful pinions through the hollow sky . . .

DON MARQUIS.

The New York Evening Sun.

STOKOWSKY

The conducteur is a velvet black butterfly,
 Ecstatically poised on the swaying petals.
 Intoxicated with the fragrance
 Of the great blossom of the orchestra.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

THE PEACE TREATY

There is probably no event in the history of the last few years of less significance than the signature of the Peace Treaty at Versailles. It has passed almost unnoticed in the procession of minor excitements to which we have been victims of late. No power on earth can save the Treaty from becoming "a scrap of paper" like many of its predecessors; nay, it will soon become positive pulp. The League of Nations Covenant and the actual lifting of the blockade may perhaps excite a little interest, but for the rest the Treaty is the monument of a victory possessing no new and encouraging features, settling nothing, satisfying nobody.

W. LOFTUS HARE.

The Ploughshare, London.

Judging by the recent history of his "Fourteen Points," it should seem that President Wilson committed the capital mistake of his public life when he sailed for Europe to attend the so-called Peace Conference at Paris. He should have remained at home, and, from that coign of vantage, have sought to tame the European barbarians, in whom too much familiarity with his person and sentiments has conspired to breed the usual distressing results. So far as Europe is concerned, Mr. Wilson's intellectual measure is no longer a State secret. It has been found that he is—if we may be indulged the paradox—just an average statesman of extraordinary parts, and that he belongs to that order of political constellations which shine with a reflected light, and are bright by reason of the relative dimness of the starry bodies by which they are surrounded . . . Mr. Wilson at a distance was a considerably more commanding figure than the nearer prospect of him obtained at Paris has proved him to be. A man truly great would have bent or moulded the Paris Conference to his own will and purpose; a statesman of not so high calibre, but one more experienced and more astute than Mr. Wilson, would have consulted his limitations by wisely staying at home, and trusting to distance and the species of enchantment which that condition is apt to raise up in men's mind in order to bring off his designs. Mr. Wilson's qualifications for the first task are plainly slender in the extreme. His surrender to the importunities of those who urged him to come to Europe proves that he is even wanting in some of the more important qualities that go to the making of a first-class political manager and wire-puller. Obviously, therefore, his place is neither among the immortals nor yet with the wits of second rank, but is among the world's great well-meaners, who have failed because their ideas, whether original or borrowed, were in excess of their capacity of giving due effect to them.

LORD ERSKINE OF MARR.

The Scottish Review, Edinburgh.

Paris is repeating with some delight Clemenceau's opinion of his confederates, Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson. He is reputed as having said that it was impossible to work with them: "l'un qui s' imagine Napoléon, et l'autre, Jésus-Christ."

DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Republic, Dublin.

To satisfy all the claims of some of our "associates in the war" it would be necessary to annex a new planet to our world.

The New York Evening Sun.

AN APPEAL TO THE BRITISH PEOPLE

If ever we British people had need to be ashamed of our country it is now. If ever we had need of a great courage, it is now.

We have helped to force upon Germany a humiliating peace; but that peace is a greater humiliation for us. Germany will survive the blow we have struck her. We can never survive its shame.

Our Government has broken its plighted word, has failed to keep faith; we are dishonored. We are all sons and daughters of Britain; the Government acts in our name; for its evil deeds we must all share the responsibility and the ignominy.

If we are silent now, on the occasion of this great wrong, this unsurpassed triumph of might over right, the condemnation of Eternal Justice, of generations unborn, will be upon us.

An unexampled opportunity lay before the Governments of the victorious nations; they have cast it like chaff to the winds. Had they had faith in men, in truth, in God, they might have laid the foundations of a new world, and the peoples have escaped forever from the nightmare of war and the fear of force. But they had no faith. . . .

Thus, the war that was to have re-created the world has hastened its destruction; and the nations that were to have won their souls and vitalized their moral consciousness in a war for freedom have well-nigh lost their souls, and become demoralized beyond belief.

The heroism of the soldier has been wasted. A "Christian" war has ended in a peace that gives not the slightest indication that such a person as Christ ever lived. And this is the twentieth century of the Christian era!

Friends, brothers, sisters, we must arise. A greater triumph for Mars, Mammon and Reaction has never been than this Peace and the conduct of the Allies throughout the world at this moment.

The outlook is indeed black. But it must be faced, and faced with a courage equal to the need. We do ourselves and our cause incalculable harm by closing our eyes to the facts. The reactionaries and the militarists have triumphed, and, what is more, they mean to triumph to the end. And we must not forget that in spite of—nay, by reason of—the spiritual disaster caused by the war, in the eyes of the profiteers, the imperialists and the reactionaries, the war has paid. Terrible as that indictment is, it is true and must be stated. For not only has the war brought countless riches to the few, but new territory and immense quantities of valuable raw material under British control; has established militarism in all the so-called democratic countries, increased the power of bureaucratic governments and of the capitalist class the world over.

Thus we are confronted with a more powerful militarism than has ever been known in the history of the world; and it is for us to decide what we are going to do to combat it. The best of our newspapers are saying that the Peace Treaty must be supplanted by a new one. But will it be? Are we counting without our hosts? The reactionaries have succeeded on almost every crucial occasion during the past five years; are we sure they will not succeed to the very end; till conscription is firmly established; till all the vital civic liberties are suppressed; till a military régime reigns in our schools; till the wealth and manhood of the nations are in the absolute control of the capitalist class?

WILFRED WELLOCK.

The Word, The Hague.

EVERYMAN'S ENEMY

Everyman had an enemy. The fine edge of all of Everyman's enthusiasms was blunted by the scoffing skepticism of this foe. All of his plans were laughed at; or he was told that they were impious, impractical, not worth the effort, or demanded more ability than was his. All of his efforts were foiled or aborted, or the fruits of them made bitter with rancor or ridicule. His destiny was shrouded, his desires thwarted, his very dreams broken in upon. He had many another enemy; but at the heart of every conspiracy against him, at the forefront of every attack upon him, this one in particular could be found. Most of his other foes he could kill or defeat or win over as friends; this one alone seemed indomitable and implacable. Sometimes, indeed, he seemed to absent himself for a space; but it was after just such respites that the worst attacks were made upon the honor and health and life itself of Everyman. Never once, however, did Everyman perceive the features of this foe. His words, his acts, his tracks and traces were everywhere; but, somehow, he himself eluded the sight. Often Everyman thought he would surprise him; but he was ever forewarned. Often Everyman dreamed of him and tried to imagine what he looked like, knowing that to know was to conquer; but ever the dreams varied and the concepts changed. Often Everyman thought he had at last discovered him; but ever it turned out to be but some lesser foe. Finally, the anguished prayers and anxious world-wide inquiry of Everyman prevailed upon that God whom some call Love, some Beauty, some Truth, and still others the Accumulated Insight of the Patient Centuries, to come to his aid, saying, "If thou wouldst know thy enemy, look in this and behold his portrait!" Gratefully, timorously, eagerly, Everyman looked, then turned aside impatiently, exclaiming in accusation, "Why, you only bade me look in a mirror, and showed me but Myself."

RALPH CHEYNEY.

THE BIBLIOPHILE'S DOOM

St. Peter was confronted by an aged and learned bibliophile.

"Regretful am I to turn you back," quoth the saint, "for dreams from books have colored your brain like unto a delicately veined seashell and often caressing of books has made your hands slender and beautifully wan. But I cannot let you by. For you are guilty of the greatest sin of all. With the quiet penetration of the recluse you brooded to unfamiliar truths and thought out illuminating heresies. O dishonest intellect, would that you had never concealed them from every one, even yourself at last, by false rococo shields of words! Well, you have done so, and therefore my instructions are these: In hell you shall inhabit a lofty library of weathered timber from monasteries dismantled for strange sins. On the walls are hung lost masterpieces of El Greco; in the corners stand grinning masks by Renaissance decadents. Your footsteps will never sound on the thick Persian rugs and the light will never glare through the mullioned windows and heavy velvet curtains. For carved and storied furniture you will have the most curious that was ever sacked from Florence. And on the shelves are thousands of the choicest volumes of the ages quaintly bound by old-time guilds."

The bibliophile was ecstatic.

"But," went on St. Peter, "you shall furthermore be afflicted by a myopia so severe that your straining eyes will scarcely avail you to read one short paragraph a day."

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

LE REGNE DU COEUR

Il faudra reviser toutes nos valeurs, toutes nos définitions, tout notre vocabulaire.

Tous les esprits fervents devront se mettre à la besogne, et leur tâche sera d'autant plus lourde qu'ils seront assurés d'un rayonnement plus étendu.

Il faudra s'efforcer d'apprendre aux hommes étonnés que le bonheur ne consiste point à parcourir cent kilomètres en une heure, à s'élever dans l'atmosphère sur une machine, ou à converser par-dessus les océans, mais bien, surtout, à être riche d'une belle pensée, content de son travail, honoré d'affections ardentes.

Il faudra restaurer le culte des arts, qui contribuent à l'épuration de l'âme, qui sont consolants "au temps d'affliction" et demeurent, par nature, incapables de servir à des fins ignobles.

Il faudra employer nos forces à déplacer le sens des mots "richesse," "possession," "autorité," à montrer que ce sont là "choses de l'âme" et que l'acception matérielle de ces termes correspond à des réalités perfides ou dérisoires.

Il faudra, de même, transformer les notions de bien-faisance et d'ambition, ouvrir une nouvelle carrière à ces vertus, leur créer de nouveaux buts et de nouvelles satisfactions.

Ceux qui considèrent un tel programme avec ironie ou scepticisme ont grand tort: sa réalisation peut paraître illusoire, elle deviendra sans doute nécessaire. Les biens matériels mis à la disposition de l'humanité vont se trouver considérablement réduits, et par la destruction dont ils ont été l'objet, et par l'arrêt prolongé de leur production. Leur rareté et leur enchérissement seront la source de conflits graves et peu solubles que de nouvelles effusions de sang ne feront qu'envenimer.

L'humanité peut jeter à cet avenir redoutable un défi plein de grandeur. Elle peut, sous l'influence de ses maîtres spirituels, chercher son bonheur dans une transformation sage et passionnée de ses goûts.

Nous ne l'inclinons pas à la résignation, mais à la conquête des vraies richesses, celles qui assurent la possession morale du monde.

GEORGES DUHAMEL.

TO A SPANISH DANCER

Like some rare flame that stirs each scarlet sense,
You twist and gleam, exotic, golden Jade.
Slow swaying, low you bend in passion tense,
Till every modern medium needs must fade.
Long, amber limbs that hint your body's graces,
Curved hips that pulse the poetry of your art,
Small hands that whip each castanet that races,
To click your aching beauty to my heart.
Now mad, a-whirl you swing the music's measure,
Till thrilled with warmer longings, red you flare,
And live each wanton dream of rhyming pleasure,
The while your crooning cadence woos the air.
Dark eyes that match the nightshade's velvet wonder,
And pale the promise of a southern moon,
Your ripened, mocking lips are sweetest plunder
For lovers rash, who crave your beauty's boon!

PHYLLIS PHILLIPS.

Of all superstitions, the one that has the most intricate ramifications is that of the power of speech. Now, because of the disaffection of many foreigners nationalized in the United States, what has occurred to many patriots, in order to stimulate the unborn patriotism of the recalcitrants, is to teach them the native language. The traitor Arnold, did he know English?

ENRIQUE JOSE VARONA.

DEFEATED

With subdued rhythm

The field-grey is draggled, the faces are old; young soldiers straggle along the road.

The rain is long, and the sky is long, and the light of the morning is shabby and cold on the sodden ground and the soggy fields and the troops that straggle along the road.

Bare houses crouch, with low-drawn roofs and windows crooked with streaks of wet, mirroring distorted, half-stripped trees and weather-spotted walls and the slouching troops, that stumble, that straggle along the road.

Row on row, and rank on rank of stolid faces, dark and blank. There is a man who lumbers ahead, with a brutal thickness about his jaw, and stupidity staring from red-rimmed eyes; and there is a man with a cruel face, with curling lip and twitching eyelids; and there is even one who smiles a bit, as his nearing footsteps recognize the feel of the soil or the cobblestones, and his half-numbed thoughts know: this is home.

Row on row, and rank on rank, passing with leaden feet, tramp and clank: thousands of bodies, thousands of faces, all of them different, all, the same: struggling, straggling along the road.

And only here and there
A gentler face
Stares with two tired blue eyes
At the dull day
And the dull clouds
And the broad monotony of the plain,
Stares with two dream-lost eyes
Full of the tragedy of misplaced trust,

While the feet march on, march on, on, in the meaningless rhythm of other feet, stumbling along down the muddy street, with the light of the morning sordid and old on the soggy ground and the sodden fields and the troops that straggle along the road.

DONALD B. CLARK

THE WILDERNESS

"I am not happy here, for these people think only of myrrh and scarlet berries." And he bound strong sandals upon his feet and strode through the High Gates into the Wilderness.

"At last," he thought, "I am free to commune with God. Here can I extol his works and attain perfect faith in his ubiquity, for there is naught sinful here."

No people were there in the Wilderness. No sound of clashing cymbals turned his mind from holy thoughts. No flaming carbuncles or glittering chalcedony led him to long for earthly treasures. No dancing girls stained his lips with lustrous grapes and tempted him to sin. Here all was vast and silent.

He kneeled on the waste dunes and stretched forth his hands to the great skies. "Oh God!" he cried, "I have come forth from the city of sins, away from men of evil minds and harlots, to seek you, but this is a bare place and I have lost my faith. Show me where you dwell."

The sand swept by in mighty gusts and the man bent his head, for there stood before him a flaming angel whose sword flashed like crystal in the sunlight. "The master," he said, and his voice rose sweeter than the dim tones of distant temple bells, "dwells not in waste spots but in the hearts of mankind. Return and lifting the veil of your disbelief, you will attain the Perfect from the Lowest."

The man turned and with bowed head went once more to the turbulent city within the high gates.

RUTH HELLER.

What is now proved was once only imagined.

WILLIAM BLAKE, 1820.

No government is safe unless it is fortified by goodwill.

RICHARD DUPPA, 1830.

SELF-ESTEEM

There was a man who was gifted with wonderful, flowing speech. Multitudes acclaimed him and spread brave reports about him from land to land. In time, the mob worship swelled his esteem of self to the height of a mountain.

Long he continued to regard himself a wonder among men and believed his place in life to equal that of a sun among wandering planets.

One night his soul urged him to look upward and identify his place among the heavenly bodies, and lo! as he gazed at the quiet stars awhile, his esteem of self suddenly collapsed to the size of a pea.

FELIX SPER.

ORIENTAL LOVE SONG

My sword I uncover, from the heart of its sheath,

To my lost love, I kiss a prayer on the blade;

On the hilt, her ringlet of hair I wreath,

And a sheath of my heart for the sword I have made.

PHILLIP LYONS.

If it is so difficult for us to understand that which is taking place in our midst, of which we are witnesses, so to speak, what shall we say of that which recedes from us, and, all the more, the farther it recedes?

The individual: impalpable dust; society: a mountain of granite.

"But a bushel of wheat is composed of grains of wheat."

"It is not a question of cereals, but of men."

ENRIQUE JOSE VARONA.

EGYPT

THE WONDERLAND OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

New Year's Day, 1913, found me gliding slowly down the broad-breasted brown Nile, on a comfortable modern steamer, lulled for a space into that happy state of half-dream in which one forgets that time passes, and that duties call. Egypt, the great Mother of mysteries, had laid her spell upon me: I had come, indeed, because I had been tracing to their origin strands of our modern maze of mystic dreamings; themes and symbols enshrined not only in our newest thought-cults, but also in the works of our greatest prophets and poets. Nor was I disappointed in my quest: the veil of Isis did not remain impenetrable.

The trip down the Nile was the climax of my stay in Egypt. In this land of many changes and fortunes, three marvelous worlds blend magically, luringly, one into the other—nature; the past of temples and tombs; and the present of mosques, of veiled women, and of loose-robed, red-sandaled, white-turbaned, donkey-riding men. During those magic days I forgot how inevitably these three marvelous dream-worlds are fading into the common day of enfolding British civilization, with its speeding-up, its exploitation of resources and of labor, its flesh-comfort, its Sabbath, its intelligent sense, in a word.

Here, first, was Nature's world: the broad brown river between narrow strips of fertile green, bordered by palms, encroached upon constantly by the boundless brown sand-ranges on either side; a world of large simple lines, calm beneath the broad blue sky brightened each day by an unfailing sun and each night by soft luminous stars. This is a Nile-given land; Nile-given and Nile-watered; and it is nursed into exuberant life by the faithful golden sun. But the far-wandering brown sand-cliffs on either hand remain forever untransformed. Nowhere, it seems to me, is the struggle between buoyant life and ever-encroaching barren death more obvious, more dramatic, than it is here in the world-old valley of the Nile.

Thus, out of Egypt's first world, this background of nature, grows appropriately her second world, her oldest man-made world; the majestic world of temples and pyramids and rock-cut tombs—of walls covered with delicate colored reliefs and mysterious picture-writing—of strange solemn animal-faced gods—of great granite human colossi, smiling into the desert imperturbably, century upon century. It is no wonder that Egypt was a land of early religious insight, of understanding for that insistent, unescapable problem of death and of life which seems, indeed, to be man's most important concern. And it is no wonder that man's frantic efforts to secure for himself enduring life raised up along the great river these temples, these miles and miles of massive pyramid-graves, the truly countless rock-cut desert-tombs, where he hoped his soul would continue its wonted life among the fields and feastings pictured on the walls; scenes which, in proportion to his moneyedness, he had during many years been preparing for himself and for his life after death.

His own birth, life, and struggle against death, each man found enacted each day, symbolically, before his very eyes; daily he saw the lotus-born, life-nurturing Sun, Osiris, rise up out of the life-creating Nile; each day he watched him pursue his journey across the sky from the bright East to the rest-giving hills in the West; and each evening the anxious beholder prayed for his God's return from the dangerous nightly underworld journey. To the faithful Osiris of the one essence and the many names the old Egyptian came to give his chief worship; he hoped that he himself would one day become part of this undying creative, light-life of the world, freed from the burden of individual

earthly existence. The good and evil a man had done during earthly life were weighed impartially after death on Maat's truthful judgment-scales, and were noted carefully by Thoth, the great recorder and guide to the new life; yet texts were buried with him in which he had himself set down the things he had done and had not done. "I have not driven cattle from their pastures. . . . I have not carried away milk from the mouths of babes. . . . I have made none weep." With such a record one might have expected him to be confident; yet by amulets, scarabs, and magic formulae also buried with him, he hoped to make less uncertain the road to his triumphant immortality or "Osirification." The Egyptian's worship, however, was given no less to Isis, the great Mother of life, earth-mother, water-mother, and also blue sky-mother veiled in seven mysterious starry veils. She was bound in sacred marriage to Osiris; and she was mother of the sun-child Horus, who was born after the death of Osiris as Osiris mysteriously re-born. For Osiris was not only the god of the daily returning sun; earlier and more fundamentally he was also the spirit of the year's vegetation, the Nile-spirit, killed, and revived, year after year. A great Mystery Play was enacted each spring in the temple at Abydos, presenting his Passion—his conflict, death, and resurrection; and the air was filled first with lamentations, and then with rejoicings, while the year's revival was celebrated with dancings and matings.

To this ancient temple at Abydos, the most sacred of Egyptian temples, our small tourist party from the steamer came in jubilant mood, in the early days of the year, glad to rest after a several hours' donkey-ride through greening fields; and here, in the shade of the gigantic simple columns and huge walls, we ate hilariously our munificent picnic lunch! O strong tourist-soul that jests thoughtlessly and lightly where the intensity of man's struggle for life once established his most sacred Mystery!

Of the great number of wonderful temples to the right and left of the river's long course, I will mention only a few. The small temple of Edfu is the best preserved of the temples, and gives one a good idea of what the temples really were like when unruined. The temple of Denderah is interesting because here there is a fine wall-picture of the zodiac's girdle with the constellations through which the sun passes month after month; and another wonderful picture shows how the sunball is being torn from the womb of the sky-goddess as she stoops down over the earth, her feet planted on one end of the earth's disk, and her hands touching the other. Far up the River, on the island of Philae, almost submerged by the raising of the waterline due to the great dam of which the English are proud, the graceful fantastic temple of Isis was in 1913 still to be seen in part during the dry season. This temple was built in Roman days by those to whom the ancient Year-mystery had come to have fascinating esoteric yearnings of highest spirituality; and although the architecture lacked the noble majesty of the earlier Egyptian temples, to the naive eye it seemed truly a dream of beauty; and it is a great misfortune that it has been doomed. The more so, I think, as it could have been saved, had it been possible, some years ago, for English and French diplomats to come to an agreement regarding its removal to another island.

Between Abydos and Philae the two widely separated monuments of ancient Egypt's at once earliest and latest faith, the two great Theban temples at Karnak and Luxor glorify the transcendent Sun-God Amon-Rah, divine husband of many queens and father of many kings. These two great temple-complexes, several miles apart, were for-

merly connected by an avenue of sphinxes; they are today the most imposing of Egypt's ruins. In each temple a great hall shows a high central nave between two lower side-naves, an architectural plan which undoubtedly influenced the development of our Christian cathedrals. At Luxor we find a huge Pylon-entrance well preserved; and at Karnak a chastely beautiful portal with the loveliest of all Egyptian symbols, the winged sun-disk, still fresh on the lintel, as though the red and blue and yellow had been painted yesterday instead of thousands of years ago. These temples were long buried under sand, and a Mohammedan mosque, built unwittingly within the temple-confines of Luxor, brings the two worlds and the two religions into curious contrast and comparison. From these temples one can see countless small openings in the desert hills of the opposite shore of the Nile; they lead into the houses of the dead. Many-chambered underground caverns these are, with walls elaborately painted for the joy of the souls that were to dwell there. The entrances were jealously sealed and disguised, for the soul's life depended upon keeping its mummy and its images there; but all through the ages more and more of them have been discovered, opened up, and robbed; and now they are shown for fees to light-hearted, curious tourists. Here are also many temple-ruins, and the two colossal statues of Memnon, famed as the statues from which came marvellous musical sounds when the first rays of the rising sun touched them.

I can not leave Egypt's ancient world without mentioning Tel-el-Amarna, which is in process of excavation. For here, about 1300 B. C., the profoundest and gentlest of Egypt's Pharaohs established one of the three temples dedicated by him to a simple monotheistic worship, that of Aton: a God conceived by Ikhnaton (son of Aton) merely as the literal and spiritual light and life of the world. This was the earliest non-national, beyond-national faith ever developed by Man. A luminous sun-disk surrounded by rays ending in hands symbolized the fact that this God was a God of love, a universal father who laid his hands alike on all his children, black, yellow, and white; a God who taught men to live at peace with one another. Ikhnaton allowed large parts of his Asiatic Empire to secede, because he was unwilling to fight. His fight was the spiritual fight against the exploiting, superstitious priesthoods of Osiris and Amon-Rah. He died disheartened at the age of 28! And his name was promptly execrated by the reviving priesthoods. But his message was not really lost; it lifted the religions of Egypt to higher insights, and thus influenced all later religious thought. It was during the last days of my wonderful trip down the Nile that I first heard about this Pharaoh; it was an inspiring thing to learn; that human nature can reach the supreme truths of life anywhere, starting from the primitive ideas of any worship whatsoever.

Thus my happy Nile days ended. The huge pyramids of Gizeh, and the celebrated sphinx now known to be just another sun-symbol, I visited from Cairo, the great modern city near the river's delta; for these monuments are within brief trolley-ride reach from there. They have yielded their silence and their solemn mystery to an energetic hotel-keeper near by, to hordes of tourists let loose at all hours upon the once sacred grounds; to clamoring donkey-boys and camel-drivers; to dragomen and vendors thick and insistent as the proverbial Egyptian flies that it is impossible to shoo off. And so I am now deep in Egypt's third world. It, too, has irresistible charm. Here in Cairo one can enjoy quiet mosques, where the interplay of rich colored lights, transmitted through the mosaic-patterned stained glass windows, entrances the senses; or one can prowls forever amid the treasures and hospitalities of the bazaar streets. What a contrast there is between this noisy nervous vitality and the dignified stillness of the world of temples and tombs!

Yet, to tell the truth, this modern native world has been with us during the entire trip down the Nile. The natives have worked for us at every step; they brush the ever-present sandy dust off our shoes many times a day; they clean our rooms and make our beds; they cook for us and serve us our meals; not for a moment can we get away from these quiet red-sandaled, red-fezzed men in their flowing white robes. Others, wearing gayer colors, or the more usual black, sell us shawls, baskets, copper-ware, fly-shoes, and chains, gay chains; and they provide us with the donkeys and donkey-boys, without whom we could see little.

Oh, these donkeys and donkey-boys! they are our greatest irritation and our greatest amusement. Each has his own idiosyncrasy to which we must adjust ourselves if we wish to get anywhere. The boys trot alongside of one, making the donkeys go by all sorts of undreamed of noises, pricks, and blows. If your donkey suddenly gives a particularly eccentric leap forward, you may be sure that the donkey-boy has pricked him savagely with a pointed stick in spite of your definite command not to do so. He keeps you from falling off your uncalculable donkey—if you are a woman—by holding you to the seat with his arms round your waist, and he answers your remonstrance, your anger, with wondering eyes and an ingratiating drawl, "But, 'English' ladies *like* donkey-boys to put arms around them."

What struck me first on my arrival in Egypt, when I sped with the train from Alexandria to Cairo, was the villages, the houses in which I was told human beings lived. They were aggregations of low mud-walls covered with twigs, and looked like ill-kept stalls. But in these stalls families are huddled together on the bare ground, with their pigeons, chickens, goats, and donkeys; human groups full of life, tender-hearted in spite of their quickness at brawling. Throughout the land their homes are for the most part like that. They have no furniture. Their water they carry from the Nile, in goat-skins if they are men; or in jugs (or lately in Standard Oil tin-cans) if they are women; it is beautiful to see them carry the jugs, carefully poised on their heads, without spilling a drop of the precious water. Their bread, small round cakes, one sees baking in the sun in courts or on the street; for half a day dust and flies settle on one side; for half a day they settle on the other side. Their chief article of food seems to be sugar-cane; they are always sucking at a long reed.

Throughout this same land the English have been building prosperous factories and beautiful country-homes with wonderful exotic gardens, and extensive rich hotels with every convenience. They employ numberless natives; I was told that the standard wage is twenty-five cents a day.

There are also missions in Egypt, and on Sundays select little natives go to Christian service in tawdry toggery; white shoes and stockings, frilled dresses, and furbelowed little hats. Sanitary homes are not built for them: thus they come to life and they die in countless unregarded numbers.

And now I seem to have forgotten all about my entrancing Egyptian wonder-worlds! But one's heart cannot but bleed for subject peoples, in particular, when their more childlike stage of intellectual and economic development makes enslavement, degeneration and destruction so easy.

The English situation came home to me especially one day, when I told the English steamer-doctor about the intelligent and courteous Copt from whom I had bought my Egyptian shawl. Sales among the natives are a sort of sociable sport; there would be neither meaning nor pleasure in selling or buying if one didn't go through a long preliminary game of "You come up—I come down! You come down, I come up!" So every day for a week I paid a visit to his shop; here he entertained me with Turkish delight and Turkish coffee, showed me the tattooing that marks the oldest of

Christian sects, and told me about his travels in England. He showed me a letter and a picture which he had just received from his English sweetheart. "She wants me to come to England and marry her," he said, "but how can I leave my mother who lives here?" When the English doctor heard this, he started up in violent anger, clenched his fists, and exclaimed, "How dare he speak of himself in connection with an *English girl*? If I had been there I'd have knocked him down!" Thus spoke the master-class, contemptuous even of a race that traces its blood and tradition back to ancient Egypt, a race "Christianized" long before British Isles had seen "Christians."

My Egyptian experiences came before the war, and before England's final occupation of Egypt; but even at that time I rebelled against a rule so entirely foreign, selfish, haughty and unsympathetic, as is England's rule in Egypt. The earlier French administration of Egypt's affairs had been liked better; for the French have always adapted themselves more tolerantly to native individualities, and to native forms of civilization.

So I hope that somehow Egypt shall yet become free, free from the exploitations of a more advanced stage of development, free to develop along her own lines the folkhood that fits so well into the ancient world, and into the natural world about her. Let her solve her problems by her own gradual evolution!

And now I dream once more of the broad, brown Nile between the fertile strips of green, bordered by waving palms and farstretching brown sandhills; I see again the lithe bronzed men along the shore, lifting water out of the Nile all day, passing it up from tier to tier; and I hear again the weird creaking of the water-lifting revolving wheels; the melodious rhythmic chants of the men at their work; and the irresistible nervous vitality expressed tirelessly in bargainings, brawlings, and merrymaking.

LOUISE MALLINCKRODT KUEFFNER.

A MARTIAN PARABLE

After the visitor from Mars had controlled somewhat his amazement at the ways of Mankind on Earth, he gave out a statement to the press. His familiarity with canals on his own planet accounts for the quaint strained mechanical nature of his impression.

"I see," he said, "a broad canal of blue water and white wavelets flowing between banks of changing beauty. And on this canal embark light-hearted souls in gay skiffs and down it they float, tanning in the sunshine, picking fruit from overhanging branches, splashing the sparkling water, and singing songs of joy. But soon they come to a turn where another canal branches off. And, strange to tell, this second canal is actually forced uphill through a sterile desert. And various sad-faced crabbed souls are stationed at the turn and as the tremulous skiffs drift to them they exhort the light-hearted souls.

"Your little boats are unsafe and you are sailing in a dangerous direction," they cry. "Transfer yourselves to these staunch old barges and pole yourselves up this canal, for we promise you there are good things at the top, things worth the grievous labor to reach there."

"And many change to the heavy barges and toil wearily for years and years until at last they perish miserably on barren sands. But a very few do not listen. Instead they sail on down the straight canal until they reach an unimagined sea.

"And now," they laugh in their great gladness, "let us die, for we have lived!"

And Mankind read this message from the wise planetary visitor and did not understand,—except a very few.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

THE HANDS THEY HELD

He scowled down at his hands resting on his worn overalls and his hands seemed to scowl back at him. Heavy hands, heavy thick fingers, heavy splotches upon them like rust, like flakes of rusted iron that weighted his hands down as with a perceptible weight. Forty years he had grasped life with these hands, life that like a bar of hot iron had seared him while he grasped it. He scowled heavily. If he could but let go of that searing iron bar—but let it drop and be done with the damned thing! Huh! was he to go down into the mud of the grave and have no reward of ease for all his years of sweat and toil? He doubled his fists till the black, broken nails bit into the coarse callus of his palms. An oath fell from his heavy, dry lips. *Damn the rich!*

His soft, white hands lay across his pearl-buttoned vest like two fat love-birds billing. He unlocked their fingers and smiled down at them. Soft, white, fat, tapering fingers, with a clear half moonstone showing in every nail. Immaculate nails! Forty years these hands had held the gold-rimmed, wine-filled goblet of life, and had pledged: Here's to Me!

He paled with some haunting fear. A heavy, rust-splotched hand, with black, broken nails, seemed to reach out and seize the gold-rimmed goblet of life, and lifting it aloft, pledge: Here's to All!

He doubled his soft, white fists till the clear moonstones of the nails pressed into the padded whiteness of the palms. An oath fell from his heavy, moist lips. *Damn these socialists!*

DON MARK LEMON.

Among the forces which sweep and play throughout the universe, untutored man is but a wisp in the wind. Our civilization is still in a middle stage, scarcely beast, in that it is no longer wholly guided by instinct; scarcely human, in that it is not yet wholly guided by reason. On the tiger no responsibility rests. We see him aligned by nature with the forces of life—he is born into their keeping and without thought he is protected. We see man far removed from the lairs of the jungles, his innate instincts dulled by too near an approach to free-will, his free-will not sufficiently developed to replace his instincts and afford him perfect guidance. He is becoming too wise to hearken always to instincts and desires; he is still too weak to always prevail against them. As a beast, the forces of life aligned him with them; as a man, he has not yet wholly learned to align himself with the forces. In this intermediate stage he wavers—neither drawn in harmony with nature by his instincts nor yet wisely putting himself into harmony by his own free-will. He is even as a wisp in the wind, moved by every breath of passion, acting now by his will and now by his instincts, erring with one, only to retrieve by the other, falling by one, only to rise by the other—a creature of incalculable variability. We have the consolation of knowing that evolution is ever in action, that the ideal is a light that cannot fail. He will not forever balance thus between good and evil. When this jangle of free-will and instinct shall have been adjusted, when perfect understanding has given the former the power to replace the latter entirely, man will no longer vary. The needle of understanding will yet point steadfast and unwavering to the distant pole of truth.

THEODORE DREISER.

The lame have decreed the universal need of crutches.

The ancient historians had marvellous eyes: Juba saw elephants praying to the gods. The modern ones do not see marvels; they invent them.

ENRIQUE JOSE VARONA.

THE HAMLETS OF OUR DAY

The following notes on performances of *The Prince of Denmark* were written at various times and are published now because it seems we are to have a veritable deluge of Hamlets this season. Mr. Hampden began it last year and it is on the theatrical calendar that he will soon be with us again. Mr. Mantell and Mr. Lieber have already appeared and by the time these lines are printed Mr. Sothorn will have left New York and his Hamlet will again be theatrical history. I have included Mr. Kellard for several reasons but mainly because he is still playing the role; and I have omitted several other performances of Shakespeare's masterpiece because they no longer occupy our stage and this article concerns itself only with the Hamlets of our day.

Included in the program of Robert B. Mantell's "Shakespearean and Classical Repertoire" is a play called Hamlet which Mr. Mantell evidently wants us to believe is the famous play by William Shakespeare. Indeed the play mentioned in the program and the one by England's famous poet have many things in common. In both you will find a ghost, an uncle-king, a graveyard, a duel, a queen, etc., and the locale of both plays is Denmark. These coincidences would naturally lead one to believe that the Hamlet of Shakespeare is the play included in Mr. Mantell's program, but this belief is quickly negated by a visit to the theatre at which Mr. Mantell happens to be playing.

Shakespeare paints for us a young prince saddened by his father's sudden death. After a little while or "ere those shoes were old" his mother marries with his uncle, whose positive nature repels the less positive Hamlet. Remembering the great love of his father for his mother drives the young Dane into a deep melancholy; and he decides to leave the palace, if not forever, at least until the memory of his father's death is softened by time. He is persuaded to remain and hears that his father has appeared to the castle guards. A little later he meets his father's ghost, and from this unearthly visitor he receives news that would stiffen the sinews of any man, but on learning the rottenness of Denmark he weeps that he was ever born to set it right. This is the picture of human frailty painted by the companion of Ben Jonson.

Now look upon this picture: Mr. Mantell's Hamlet is a man long past his prime, fired by such a hatred of his uncle that one wonders how long the king has to live. We sit in the theatre expecting every scene to be the last and wondering why the king takes no steps to protect himself. True Mr. Mantell's Prince of Denmark temporizes with words, but his actions are those of a man impelled by hate, and the conclusion is forced on us that the king's life is spared for one reason and one reason only, viz., that the play may last till 11 p. m. Verily a great difference exists between Mr. Mantell and William Shakespeare, the difference that separates Drama from Melodrama.

Mr. Lieber's Hamlet may be dismissed with few words. It is the work of an artisan, not an artist. His Hamlet is a laboured, cynical, monotonous person whose existence is almost inexcusable.

Mr. Hampden's Hamlet is a prince who gives some signs of being a human being. If he reads some of his lines with a disregard for proper accentuation and if he overstresses the injunction "suit the action to the word," we may forgive him on the ground of inexperience, because later visits to this theatre discover many of the gaucheries of his early performances omitted. He seems to be striving towards a commendable simplicity and surely this deserves high praise.

When the curtain rises we discover Hampden's Hamlet surrounded by a noisy, heavy-drinking, riotous court, utterly disgusted by the condition of life and ready to abandon it

all. Ophelia is there, but no sign is indicated of Hamlet's love for her, and surely this is a pity. Shakespeare does not leave us in doubt as to the young Dane's feelings toward the daughter of Polonius. But Mr. Hampden totally ignores the lover's aspect of Hamlet and depicts for us only the cynical humorous side. After he learns of his father's murder he faints, and on recovering his senses he utters the words, "And you, my sinews . . . bear me stiffly up," not as an invocation to his physical forces to sustain him in the dreadful task he is about to undertake but rather as an entreaty to his thighs not to sink under him again. Later on in the scene with Ophelia he actually jigs, ambles and lisps to illustrate his attack on the broilers of his time. This is a pity, for it mars an otherwise good attempt at a portrayal of the most complex creation of Shakespeare.

All in all the performance is one that pleases the earnest student of Shakespeare because Mr. Hampden does not depend on scenery and tricks but pins his faith on the play itself. If he fails, it is a glorious failure, and what more can one ask of a failure?

Of all the uneven performers on the stage to-day, Mr. Sothorn easily takes the lead, and because of this his Hamlet is one of the most trying ordeals to sit through. There are moments when he brings us to the edge of our seats, but the next moment finds us hurrying in the direction of the smoking room. His reading of the play has convinced him of Hamlet's melancholy, and he never lets us doubt it. From the utterance "a little more than kin" to "the rest is silence," his head hangs at an angle of 45 degrees and his voice drawls out long dreary soliloquies with windy suspiration of forced breath and fruitful rivers in the eye. In the player scene he forgets his melancholy for a moment and becomes almost human, but he quickly recovers himself and does not forget again until his fencing scene with Laertes, which is a masterpiece of realism and is heartily welcomed after the drawling and strutting that have gone before.

Mr. Kellard's Hamlet towers so far above the other Hamlets of our day that one does not wish to speak of them in the same breath. His Prince of Denmark is all the more remarkable when one remembers that John E. Kellard is physically the last man to essay the role; but after seeing his performance one is reminded afresh of the old saying about the superiority of brain over brawn. He conceives the Dane as a young man saddened by his father's death and his mother's second marriage. While he is trying to orientate himself to the changes of the royal court of Denmark he meets his father's ghost and receives his task in life. To accomplish his ends he *assumes* madness, and here Mr. Kellard attains great heights. In the player scene he rises to a pitch of fury and one wonders how the closet scene is to be accomplished, but Mr. Kellard handles this with the quietness and reserve necessary in one who has received instructions from the next world to leave his mother to God and her own thoughts. The death scene is stripped of all unnecessary tricks, and the reading of the lines has never been equalled by any other Hamlet in our time.

Such are the Hamlets of our day and in reviewing the list one is surprised to find how little has been accomplished. This is rather the fault of method than of the ability of our modern actors. The attempts to portray *The Prince of Denmark* have given us various Hamlets but how much richer would be our stage if some actor would essay the presentation of the Hamlet of William Shakespeare. The means of doing this are to be found in the play itself, and surely it is not asking too much of an actor to expect him to read the play he is about to produce.

FRANCIS S. MERLIN.

THE THEATRE

AN ACTOR ON THE ACTORS' STRIKE

The population of Times Square, theatrical center of America, consists mainly of actors and actresses. This is probably the reason that caused Channing Pollock, the playwriting critic, to describe Longacre as a huge letter I, because this Pollock in common with the rest of his ilk and agreeing with humanity at large, believes the actor to be the personification of ego.

Where Mr. Pollock, his ilk, and humanity at large got this idea, alas I know not. But I do know and I have known for some time that the truth of the matter is a very different thing. No other group of individuals in the world continually submerge themselves as do the actors. No other individual so subdues his personality to his work and should one desire to speak of acting as an art, the actor shines out as the shrinking violet of the artists. A comparison of famous actors with equally famous painters, poets, musicians and critics (above all critics) discovers the actor to be the epitome of modesty. The constant recurrence of the pronoun I in the writings of any of our critics (Pollock, Nathan, Huneker) forces one to the conclusion that Longacre Square is the American Habitat of Ego because it is the roosting place of the critics of the drama.

If further proof of the actor's ability and willingness to suppress his soaring personality is needed, I offer as the final proof The Actors' Strike.

On August 7th, 1919, the Actors Equity Association, representing the cream of the acting profession of America, decided to call a strike. This move was decided on only after all other means had failed. For months the Equity had implored, begged, supplicated and petitioned the managers for recognition of their union. The managers refused and when talk was made of a strike he laughed, because he firmly believed in that old saw, "Actors will not stick."

The strike was called and from the very first it was a huge success. About fifteen theatres were closed and although the managers used every weapon in their arsenal they were unable to reopen more than three or four. They rearranged casts, hired everyone and anyone, but the significant fact was emphasized that not a single actor of prominence who walked out the first night returned to work.

After a week had passed the musicians, stage-hands, bill-posters and transfer-men declared a sympathetic strike which immediately removed the fight from craft unionism into the realm of industrialism.

Everyone was happy. The Equity, which numbered 4,100 members on August 7th, gained four thousand new members in four weeks. The press of the country was with the actor and the radical and liberal papers who were not in sympathy with the A. F. of L. now gloried in the fight the actor was waging. Lawyers offered their services free. Theatres were leased and talk was made of a huge Co-Operative Theatrical Movement. Indeed, this was almost realized when at the end thirty-eight theatres

were lined up and artists like Walter Hampden were prepared to renounce forever the manager and all his works.

The manager was licked and he knew it. He cast around for a loophole through which to escape. I thoroughly believe the fact which haunted him most was the realization that the actor was taking in about \$6,000 a day profit from the Equity theatres.

Suddenly the manager announced that he loved the actor, that the Equity was all right, and that arbitration was a fine thing—but, added the manager, I will not stand for a closed shop. Since the Council of the A. E. A. had gone on record as being opposed to the closed shop this was laughable. The managers put up a straw man and then knocked him down and so the strike terminated on the 7th of September, exactly one month after it began.

What was gained? I append the following list as an answer. The manager: lost the strike but gained the important advantage of being able to make the actor live up to his contract. The Equity: gained recognition as the official representative of the actors with the power of arbitrating all difficulties between actors and managers. The actor: has now a powerful organization to back him up in his economic tilts with the managers. The chorus: gained everything—all the above advantages plus a minimum wage, and all costumes, shoes, tights, stockings, etc. to be supplied by the manager.

Of course there was dissatisfaction, for some of us felt that when we had the manager down we should have demanded all kinds of reforms, but the Association decided that since we went on strike for principle—it would be well to exhibit some ourselves. We struck for recognition and arbitration and we won these two. We struck for the right to bargain en masse and now that we've won we are living up to our end of it. Where are the individualists now?

Francis S. Merlin.

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS

Few organizations in the theatre world need publicity and outright criticism more than that group of writers, actors, and painters on Macdougall Street known as the Provincetown Players. They resemble those people who dress slovenly when they are not in the public view. Directly stated, the Provincetown Players have a weak artistic conscience which would probably be more active if subjected to a brighter light.

This flabby conscience annoys in several directions. It tolerates the most impolite, stupid and boorish audiences in New York. The cheapest movie house crowd would be far better material to play before than the jaded dullards who motor down to Greenwich Village for a lark. I must cite the two simpletons who sat in front of me at the fifth bill and sagely decided that John Reed's burlesque was a tribute to President Wilson, and then snickered and snored throughout Susan Glaspell's *Bernice*. The remedy seems simple. Certain husky members of the Players are better qualified to be bouncers than actors; let them assure us of the same degree

of quiet we have in a Broadway theatre.

My last sentence implies a certain crudity in acting among the Players. With full recognition of the fact that they are amateurs earning their living with their right hands while acting with their lefts, the result seems to me to be too often an inexcusable mawkish amateurishness. Last season the third bill was notably of that sort (an epidemic of sickness was partly to blame): Reed's *The Peace Which Passeth Understanding* could not have been more atrociously performed by any Epworth League in the land. It is far better, it would seem, to make postponements than to present such productions.

Too frequently too did the scenic staff commit the same faults of being slipshod and hasty. This was especially irritating, as we have come to expect of little theatres in exchange for poor acting, good plays and good scenery, beautiful and original. And we know that lack of funds does not prohibit an artist from making such scenery.

The Players also failed to take full advantage of the gamut of emotions and sensations which a varied bill of one actors can furnish—a trick the Washington Square Players knew well. It is, of course, harder to balance a program of three plays than of four; yet such a combination as the second bill, top-heavy with tense, overstrong emotions, can be avoided.

Now for the polished side of the shield. In Ida Rauh the Players have an emotional actress, particularly strong in tragic rôles, who is at least akin to the great. I agree with Heywood Brown in placing her among the twelve actresses who have given exceptional performances the past season in New York. Then there is O. K. Liveright, who improves noticeably in each succeeding bill (something I fail to see in Lewis Ell, Lionel Moise, and others), and who ended the season by giving a very fine interpretation of Abraham Bentley in *The Rope*. Two others who are somewhat more capable and finished than their colleagues are Alice Rostetter and Sidney Powell.

But the chief distinction of the Provincetown Players rests on the plays they have produced. They have limited themselves always to native drama with results which prove they were not mistaken. They have served as a magnet to draw forth from our writers what may be the beginnings of an American drama. To change the figure, they are the best and most stimulating prod we have to-day towards the development of such a drama.

Certain delightful genres of plays have been developed in their playhouse—Eugene O'Neill's striking bits of sailor life and Susan Glaspell's satiric comedies of intellectuals, for example. They have given us, too, a superior quality of farce, broad and sophisticated at the same time, ingeniously concocted fare for the palate of civilized individuals. Wilbur Daniel Steele's *Not Smart* is one of the best farces I have ever laughed at, and plays like Florence Kiper Frank's *Gee-Rusalem!* are too few. As I look back over my programs I recall something in each bill which made my evening at 133 Macdougall worth while—Edna St. Vincent Millay's charming verse play, Alice

Rostetter's comedy, *The Widow's Veil*, O'Neill's *Bound East for Cardiff*, Pendleton King's gruesome *Cocaine*, Susan Glasspell's *Woman's Honor*, and her extremely interesting if slightly ineffective three-act play, *Bernice*. These plays, with the Arthur Hopkins productions and a scattered few elsewhere redeem the depressing mediocrity of the past theatrical season. The Provincetown Players are now striving to double their subscribing membership, and hope by so doing to be able to pay small salaries to the nucleus of their company—a step which ought to raise the standard of their production. Let those genuinely interested in better drama hasten to subscribe and assist the Players by furnishing them with an intelligent audience at least.

GORHAM B. MUNSON.

ROSMERSHOLM AT THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE

Ibsen today is on a pedestal and woe betide the playgoer who approaches him in a critical manner. He is accepted by our best and our worst people and whenever produced they throng the theatre and applaud loudly that which they do not understand and worse still that which they do not wish to understand. Such being the case, let us omit our opinions of the printed play and devote ourselves to the acting version current at the Neighborhood Playhouse.

Surely it is a truism to say that Ibsen requires persons who are masters of the art of acting and more surely it has become the fashion of our theatre today to present Ibsen with the worst actors available and the production on Grand Street adheres strictly to this rule with one lone exception, Mr. Albert Bruning. Mr. Bruning stands out like a silence in Congress, clear, enjoyable and strange. His acting is of the old school but nevertheless a treat after the amateurish efforts of Leigh Lovel and Octavia Kenmore.

F. S. M.

During the run of the huge Shakespearian masque a few years ago an actor known to the world as John Drew was called upon to play the part of William Shakespeare. Mr. Drew rose to the occasion and gave a very fair imitation of what one imagines the poet looked and talked like. One night Mr. Drew did not appear; and a young actor, John Wray, played his part. After the performance comment was overheard on the masque. Several persons remarked on the acting of "John Drew," saying, "After all it takes an old actor, well trained, to deliver the goods."

Moral:—Actors should serve a long apprenticeship since audiences read their biographies.

F. S. M.



BOOK REVIEWS

Civilization, 1914-1917, by Dr. Georges Duhamel, New York, The Century Company.

Civilization, 1914-1917—this title on the back of the 1918 Goncourt Prize volume seems a mockery. But the author is Georges Duhamel, poet, essayist, and enlightened man of letters: the book is a fruit of his four years' service as a surgeon with the French army. You will not be sorry if you read it.

First there was *Under Fire*, then *Men in War*, and now *Civilization*—a great trilogy of accusations of war as a violation of humanity. Duhamel in war reminds me forcibly of the littérateur, Olivier Jeannin, in Jean-Christophe. If Rolland had sent the latter to battle, he would have recorded the same reactions Duhamel has, I believe. Such compounds of disillusionment, irony, and a patient, pitying weariness with a brutal world, all lightened by a distinguished humanism, are not so easily deceived by patriotic and idealistic cant as the Coningsby Dawsons. They have the sharp sight to see through all the pleasant veils wrapped about the hideous spectacle.

And so Duhamel faithfully snapshots bits of that insane civilization of 1914 to 1917—Ponceau, with a wound in his thigh, "a hideous wound, large enough to hold a soldier's képi—a great greenish wound, with the bone broken at the bottom," Cousin with the splintered leg and the blood percolating through the dressings like a scarlet dew, and the bundle of dripping remains which Duhamel himself lugs about to find a resting place for. He has witnessed the work of conscription boards, "the flesh-mongers," and he has summed it up. "Sacred human flesh—holy substance that serves thought, art, love, all that is great in life—you are nothing but a vile, malodorous paste that one takes in one's hands with disgust, to judge whether or not it is fit for killing!" Enough. This is not a book for those who cannot stomach terrible details.

The indictment contained in the last chapter (I would wager it was this chapter which won the Goncourt Prize) is directed against the age of machines and science. Certain painters—for example, Nevins—have tried to show the overwhelming power and influence of machines on our lives. Duhamel would agree with them. And he recoils violently from such an age. "I hate the twentieth century as I hate rotten Europe and the whole world on which this wretched Europe is spread out like a great spot of axle-grease," he cries out. At the front he sees the vast destruction wrought by machines and in the hospitals he notes civilization's answer to itself—an answer delivered by microscopes, knives, and autoclaves. But now and then Duhamel sees going about his work a tenderly smiling surgeon who is something over and above all this, who is not deceived by the intricate accomplishments of science. And so, after all, he can write. "Civilization! the true Civilization—I often think of it. It is like a choir of harmonious voices chanting a hymn in my heart, it is a marble statue on a barren hill, it is a man saying, 'Love one another!' and 'Return good for evil!' And if it is not in the heart of man, well, it's nowhere."

Since the publication of *Civilization*,

he has written *La Possession du Monde* a series of essays developing his indictment of a scientific and industrial régime and calling for a new living of "la vie intérieure" and "le règne du coeur." For him, perhaps, the experiences of war have been the birth pains of a stronger, wider vision.

G. B. M.

The Other Side and Other Poems, by Gilbert Frankau. New York, Alfred A. Knopf.

The important thing about Frankau's poems is the fact that they look the struggle in the eyes. There is no dodging, no deception here. Frankau served in the British army in France, and he hates the murder game with passionate intensity. He writes in the name-piece of his work:

I'd write a book:

None of your sentimental platitudes,
But something real, vital; that should strip

The glamour from this outrage we call war,

Showing it naked, hideous, stupid, vile—
One vast abomination. So that they

Who, coming after, till the ransomed fields

Where our lean corpses rotted in the ooze,

Reading my written words should visualize

The unutterable foulness of it all.

The disgust he shows for armed conflict is duplicated by that which he exhibits for organized religion. He speaks of:

The luke-warm hells that priest-made
ovens heat,

Or the faked-pearl heaven of pulpit-gods,
where the sheep-faced angels bleat

And the halo's rim is as hard to the head
as the gilded floor to the feet.

But it is in the last poem in the book, *The Inn of a Thousand Dreams*, that he sings at his best:

Woman o' mine, heart's anodyne

Against unkindly fate,

Love's aureole about my soul,

Wife, mistress, comrade, mate!

I stretch ghost-hands from the stricken lands

Where my earth-bound body lies,

To touch your fair smooth brow, your hair,

Your lips, your sleeping eyes:

You are living warm in the crook of my arm,

You are pearl in the firelight gleams

Till the blind night rocks with the cannon-shocks
That shatter a thousand dreams.

Frankau is the son of a noted English novelist, the late Frank Danby. Perhaps, in his work we may find evidence to support the contention for hereditary genius.

J. W. F.

The Rocking Horse, by Christopher Morley, New York, George H. Doran Co.

The Rocking Horse is, in the terms of the confectioner, something akin to a strawberry sundae on a very warm afternoon. It's not very solid, not nourishing, not quite sensible as things go, but it's very cheerful and refreshing, nevertheless. Christopher Morley probably isn't a poet, in the large sense of the word; he is a verse-maker, a rhymier, and he is too "glad" for the workaday world. He sings about the city, about

commuting—oh, abomination—and about ice wagons, movie theatres, bill-boards, street cars, street vendors and telephone directories and the like. He sings about the suburb-retrats of the middle-class office worker and business man, about housemaids and firesides and time-tables and frozen plumbing. But the point is that he sings! His subject matter is pretty threadworn, his philosophy isn't much. But his verses are readable and musical, even when, as they occasionally do, they skip a beat or hobble a line or two. To the people who don't care much about the troubles of the world, to the people who believe in personal financial salvation, to the people who read to be entertained, this little book is recommended. Morley must be a very nice chap; he writes what he writes with considerable charm. Here is a sample of his best:

What is Death's analogue on earth?

It is not Life, but rather Birth.

Men fear not to be born; then why

Should they be so alarmed to die?

Some of his descriptions of people as he sees them are splendid. Witness this stanza:

Poor old lady! Her dress long-worn,
Her little black bag with a corner torn,
Her tarnished bonnet—all showed to me
No armistice with poverty.

He is referring to a soldier's mother, watching a bulletin board and hoping for "an early peace."

The most pleasing lines in the whole book, according to our view, are these, from a long poem called *Reading Terminal*:

Kind eyes must shut

When human hearts are bare and raw;

When all the webs of life are cut

One does not dwell on what one saw.

The appreciation of personal suffering which made Morley turn aside from the sight of the conscript armies leaving home is one of the signs of the man's love for his kind. We repeat that Morley must be a mighty nice chap.

J. W. F.

Midas and Son. By Stephen McKenna. New York, George H. Doran Co.

Americans are learning to discriminate between craftsmanship and art. Indeed, the time may not be so many weary decades distant when the great majority of our people will no longer class together a copper candlestick from the Roycroft Shops and a painting by Paul Cezanne as works of art. An example of craftsmanship par excellence in novel-writing has lately come my way in the form of *Midas and Son* by the young Englishman, Stephen McKenna. This writer impresses by his skilled command of all the necessary technic for a good novel. One admires constantly his firm grip upon plot, character and diction. And rare it is to find an author who sustains himself so well throughout four hundred pages, never sagging or slopping, but always maintaining his level. Yes, McKenna knows and practices all the rules: he merits praise on many points: he is worthy of close study by college classes in composition. But he is not an artist. If only he had a little more creative fire, a little larger and deeper vision of life, a little more challenge in his make-up, we might see a few rules broken and perhaps—the line between expert craftsmanship and art might be crossed over.

G. B. M.

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